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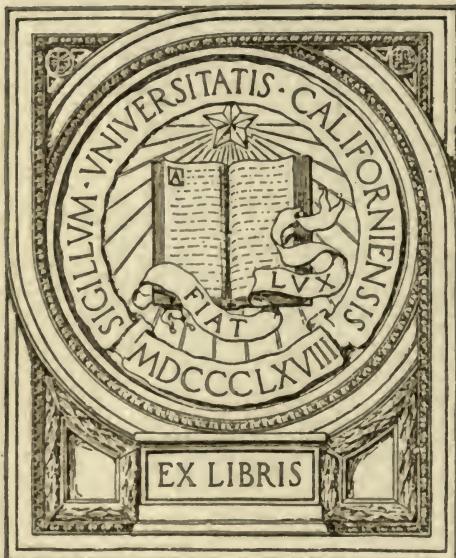
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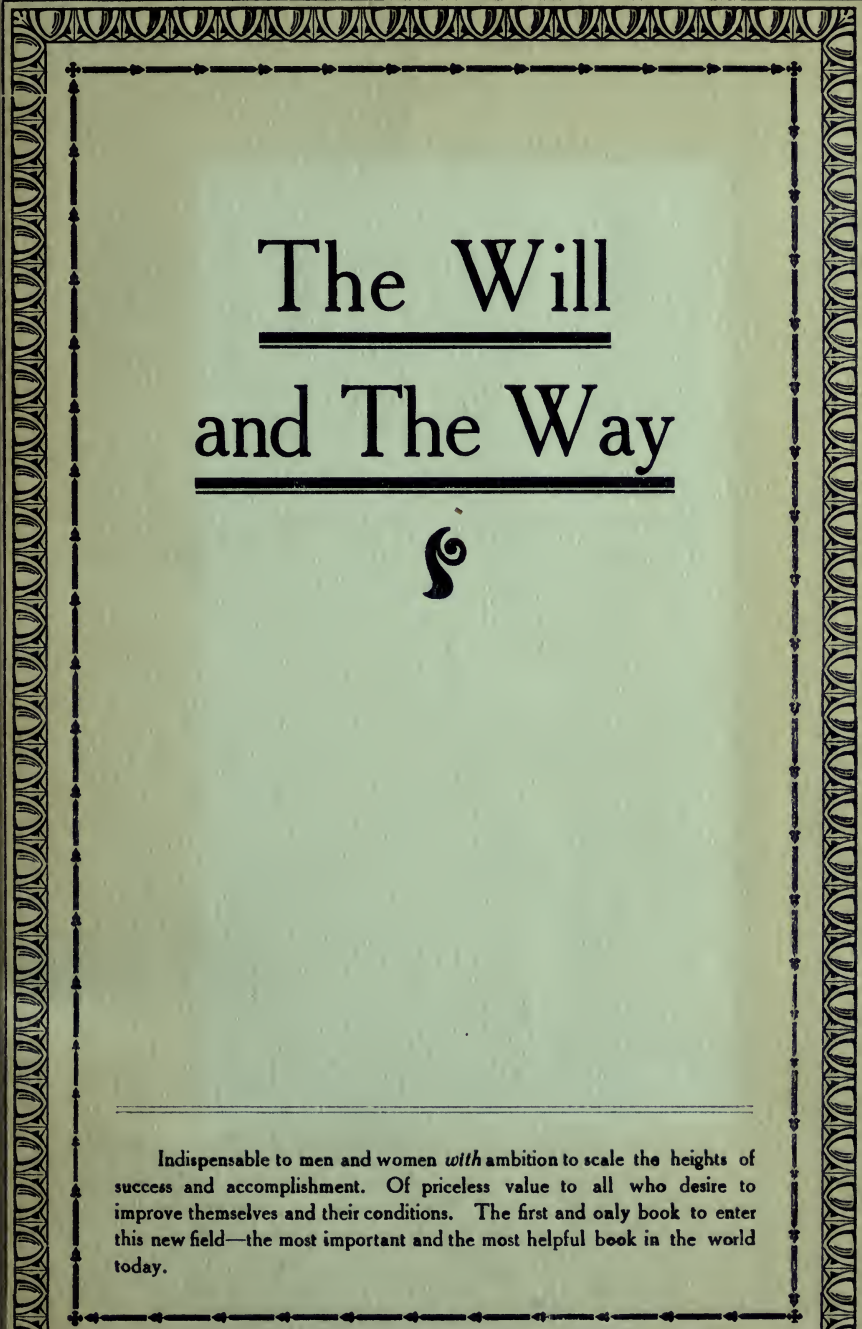
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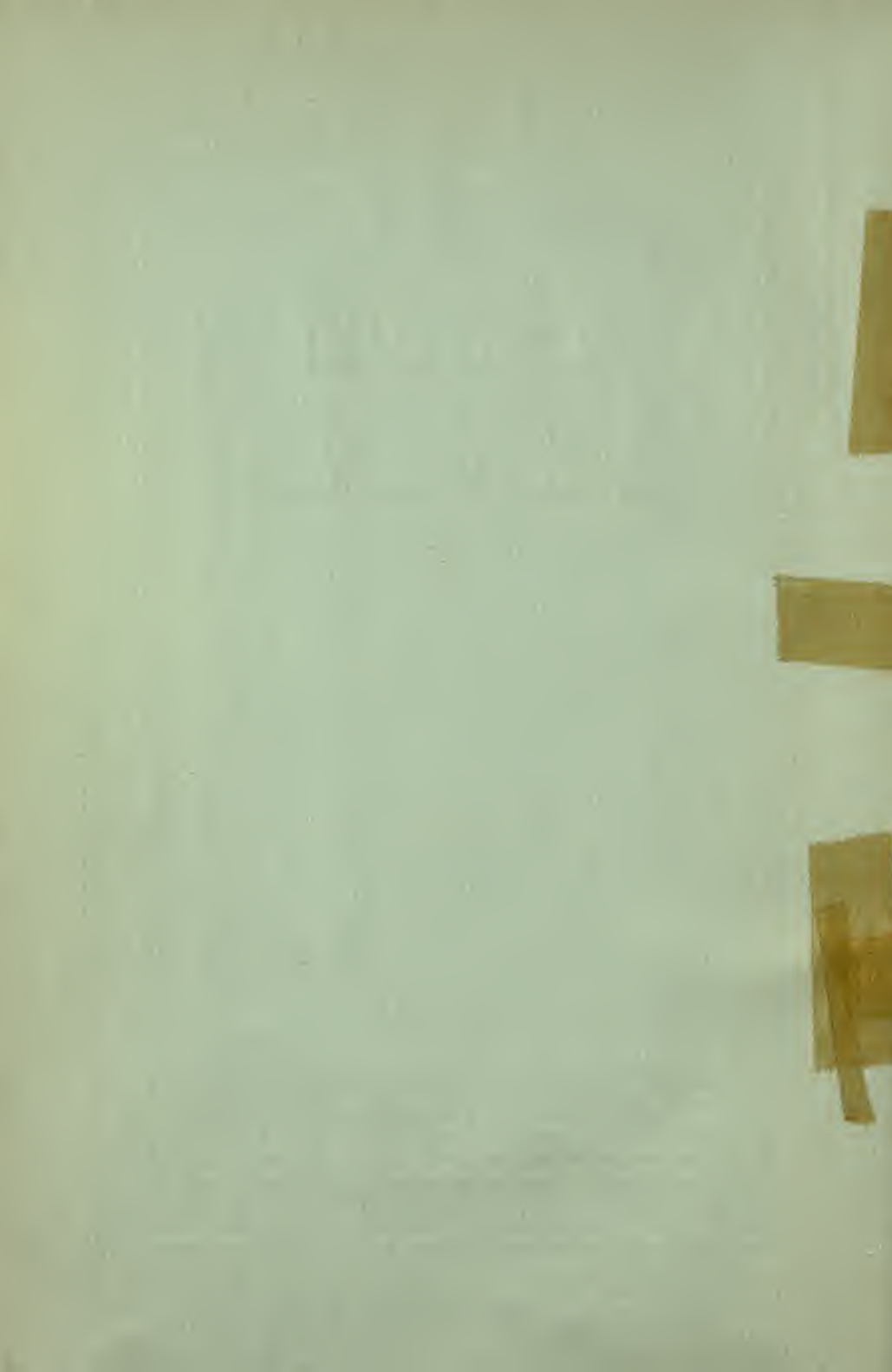
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The Will and The Way



Indispensable to men and women *with* ambition to scale the heights of success and accomplishment. Of priceless value to all who desire to improve themselves and their conditions. The first and only book to enter this new field—the most important and the most helpful book in the world today.



The Will and The Way



A Guide to Self Help
and Self Development

THE WILL
AND THE WAY

Indispensable to men and women *with* ambition to scale the heights of success and accomplishment. Of priceless value to all who desire to improve themselves and their conditions. The first and only book to enter this new field—the most important and the most helpful book in the world today.

Dedicatorial

To the men and women who are ambitious, and to those who desire to rise above the ordinary level of mediocrity, this book is earnestly dedicated.

To those who are in search after knowledge and power, it will be found interesting and instructive from beginning to end.

It is the birthright of every man to attain success and happiness. Every man is entitled to rise in the world, yet every day we see thousands of active, able and conscientious men and women fall by the wayside—and why? It is because they do not know themselves and do not understand how to use the powers with which they are richly endowed.

To know how to develop and use these powers, read every word in this book.

Yours for success,

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LEO C. WENDE,

President, Pacific Coast Information Bureau, Los Angeles, Cal.

TO LEO C. WENDE
PRESIDENT, P. C. I. B.

Introduction

The men and women who have "done" great things in the world have been "great" believers, not so much believers in the world about them, not believers in the history of the past, but believers in their "own" possibilities.

We are often contented to say: "I can't" do this or that, and are ready with the excuse that we are not exactly fitted or qualified for the accomplishment of some particular purpose, when the fact of the matter is that it is simply a lack of determination that stands as an obstruction in the way of the "full" expression of our "God-given powers."

Today men are attempting more than ever before in the world's history; and endeavor to achieve the greatest results in its various lines.

Not only in one department of the world's work do we find this awakening and falling into line, but in every field of endeavor. If we wish to climb the hills of achievement and be in company with those who are the potent factors in the progress of the time, we must become fully awakened to our own possibilities, formulate a definite purpose in life, fall in line and keep step with the wonderful advancement of the present.

No man has any valid reason for being at the foot of the ladder of success. We may conjure up reasons for failure, and seek comfort and sympathy in lieu of the satisfaction and exultation which come with the acquisition of our heart's desire, but in the final analysis of the proposition the ultimate is ever the same: somewhere there was a lack of definite plan in the undertakings which we sought to accomplish. The fault lay within ourselves. If the incentive of ambition does not awaken within us the desire to accomplish greater things than ever before; if we fail to note an increase in our capacities as the days go by, we may feel assured that we have suffered ourselves to drop out of line and loiter by the wayside, which means that if we do not hasten our lagging steps we will soon be far to the rear of the column of advancement.

The bootblack who goes forth with a brave heart, leaving behind him in the dreary home a little sister shivering in her insufficient clothing, telling her to be of good cheer, that he will work for her and soon find food and clothing to make her happy, shows a more conscious relationship to his source of being than hundreds of those situated in comfortable quarters, and his belief in his ability to accomplish his desires in the world has often enabled him to build mansions for his sister afterwards.

That boy does not do those things because he must. He feels

within him that same impulse welling up which causes the plants and flowers to grow, that awakens the little flower when the first sunshine of early spring warms it. It is the impulse of the inner man that answers the call of opportunity; it is the mainspring of human activity when a human soul says, "I can," and the boy goes forth sensible of the Infinite harmony in the world, strengthened and warmed by the courage in his own heart.

Thousands of individuals are taking up the march in the world's progress and accomplishment and the harmony note of agreement in the social, in the commercial, and in the moral life, rings clear above every discord along their pathway.

The great difference that exists today is found among religious organizations, and they are using every effort to find a means of uniting their forces. They are finding, day by day, that their differences lie more in small things than in any great ideas promulgated.

Religion and science are gradually reaching the same plane of thought. Their principal difference lies in the fact that religion has yet to comprehend the full meaning of its own heritage. They must awaken to the fact that what ever of power is manifested comes from the God whom they profess to worship. They must comprehend that the only positive working force in the universe is the operation of Divine Law, and whosoever complies with that law gets results.

When this knowledge comes to them, they will no longer question as to whether or not anything that makes for the good of humanity is the result of God's power.



The Will and The Way.

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There are moments when everything seems mysterious; when the mind seems lost in some strange, bewildered region, and when every effort to clear the atmosphere of thought but increases the darkness and confusion. Even the simplest things of life at such times seem to hide themselves behind some impenetrable veil, and refuse absolutely to reveal their actions to our strained and yearning vision. And it was in the deep darkness of such a moment that Melville Reardon found himself as he was trying, once again to solve that problem in his life that had confronted his tireless ambition so intently and so long.

"But there must be an answer somewhere," he thought to himself, "and I must find it without delay. To continue longer in this condition of confused uncertainty is beyond human endurance; at any rate, it is beyond the endurance of such a nature as mine; and I here and now resolve to have this mystery cleared up, even though every atom in my being should perish in the attempt."

"My mind is made up," he continued; "for a life that is so situated that it cannot satisfy a single desire has no reason to persist for another moment."

"No, I will take that back," he calmly concluded, after a few moments of reflection; "nothing can live in vain, even though existence for the time being should be little more than a barren waste. To think otherwise is to contradict all the facts in nature and violate the very first principle of reason. But why do I desire so intensely those things, and those things only, that I cannot find, that I cannot reach, that I possibly cannot realize? Why have I been given the power to dream of the rare, the rich, the beautiful, the sublime, but have not been given the power to make my dreams come true?"

This was his problem, briefly stated, and to him it was a great problem, indeed. If he had been an ordinary man, with no ability and no ambition, his condition and circumstances could not have aroused comment. But he was not; all who knew him admitted that he was a most remarkable man; in fact, to meet him for a few moments was sufficient to come to this conclusion. And all wondered why he was a failure.

..... To begin with, he was single, which to him was a calamity; and though he had made scores of attempts to find someone who would receive the limitless wealth of his affections, still something always came in the way. He had always looked upon marriage as the very climax of transcendental bliss, and yet he had been mysteriously prevented from entering into that pleasure sublime. What was the reason? As he looked back upon his varied experiences in this con-

nection, the mystery of it all grew deeper and darker, until he was almost forced to believe that there was some power outside of himself that was mercilessly ruling his destiny.

He was well educated; his education was practical, and he was the very embodiment of ability, talent, character and admirable qualities; and yet he had accomplished nothing. But what was the reason? Again and again he would call for the reason, though without receiving the slightest hint as to some satisfactory reply.

"To make me hungry," he continued, "and give me no means wherewith to satisfy that hunger is cruelty. And yet something is doing this very thing to me. I am on fire with ambition, but every effort I make to realize even a mere atom of that ambition results in nothing but failure. I am hungering and thirsting for the great, the superior, the lofty, the ideal, and am starving every day upon the husks of inferiority and nothingness. I am constantly longing for that which I can neither gain nor realize, and those very things that I desire so intensely continue, in some mysterious manner, to dwell within the range of my vision, but outside the range of my reach. If I cannot get them, why am I permitted to see them, to ceaselessly long for them, to be wholly disappointed with anything else?"

To find answers to these questions had been his constant effort for years; he had placed the problem before the best minds that he could find, but he was as much in the dark as ever. Again he pondered to himself, "If I have not the power to realize my ideals, why has my vision been opened to those ideals? Who has taken the pains to open my eyes to that which is not for me to possess? Who has taken the trouble to so confuse the elements of my being that I can desire only that which I possibly cannot reach, no matter how hard I try, or whatever means I employ? Why do I aspire to those supreme heights that superhuman nature alone has the power to reach? Why do I love only that mysterious someone that I never was able to find in tangible form? What is the answer? Who is responsible?"

Could the Supreme be responsible for his strange condition? No, that was unthinkable, for infinite love could find no pleasure in placing an impassable gulf between a desire and the object of that desire. Infinite love would never create a desire in the human heart without also creating the means through which that desire could be fulfilled. Infinite love would never reveal an ideal that could not be made real, nor cause the soul of man to long for that which sometime, somewhere, would not be made true.

Or was nature responsible? But, if so, why did she create the demand and not the supply? As Melville Reardon approached this phase of the subject, he was forced to conclude, "If nature has caused me to long and yearn for that which must forever remain beyond me; if nature has caused me to desire that which I can never secure, and aspire to that which I shall never reach, then what is nature but a most colossal deceiver? Why does she take me again and again to the very heights of all that is marvelous and sublime and hold out to me the promised splendors of a matchless destiny still in store, and then

open my eyes to the stern reality of grinding mediocrity, and tell me that the beautiful vision was nothing but a dream?"

"No, nature cannot be responsible," he presently thought to himself. "She has wrought too wonderfully and beautifully to possess a single element of deception. She makes every conceivable effort to equalize demand and supply in all her manifold domains; and if she was responsible for my demand she would certainly see that the required supply was forthcoming. The cause must be elsewhere."

"Possibly," he thought, with aroused attention, "it lies in myself. Possibly these unsatisfied desires and uncontrollable ambitions are simply the creations of my own mind. But, if so, there is a contradiction somewhere. If I have the power to remove the veil of life's unbounded splendor and behold the riches and glory of ambition's lofty dream, why have I not the power to realize that dream? By what strange and inexplicable law in nature can I create such intense and overwhelming desires for something that does not belong in my world and never will? If the nature of my being permits me to desire only that which I can never secure, and aspire only to that which I can never reach, the architectural principle of my mental structure must be utterly false. But how can that mind be falsely constructed that has the power to mount upon the very wings of truth and ascend to the shining splendor of empyrean heights? How can that principle of thought be false and deceptive that gives me the power to think thoughts that are so lofty, so high, so beautiful and so gorgeously sublime that a million tongues would be required to give expression to their wondrous power and glory?"

"But what can the answer be?" The more he thought of it, the more difficult and complex the problem seemed to become. The more he tried to penetrate the mental darkness that was before him the heavier and more dense became the darkness that met his straining vision. What should he do? He must do something. He could no longer bear to see so much ability, so much ambition and so much energy as he possessed go to waste. True, he could make a living; but anyone in health could do that. To accomplish something of great and extraordinary worth was another matter; and he knew that he had the necessary power to do this. That power had been going wrong, but why? That power must be turned into its proper channel, but how? With a desire more deep and more intense than he had ever felt before, every atom in his being was aroused to the very highest pitch of determined resolve, and he vowed then and there that he would find the answer. Through the great intensity of this action of his thought he was suddenly awakened from his reverie, and found himself face to face with his employer.

"Dreaming again, Mr. Reardon?"

"Yes, Mr. Spaulding, dreaming again; though not so much dreaming as pondering over the mystery of it all."

"Mystery of what?"

"Why that something that gave us the power to dream did not give us the power to make our dreams come true."

"Oh, there's no mystery about that at all, Mr. Reardon. Quit dreaming so much and yearning so much, and get down to harder work. That's all that's necessary. You will soon get what you want."

"You are a successful man, Mr. Spaulding, and I a complete failure; nevertheless, I cannot agree with you."

"Then how do you account for my success and the success of all men that have used the same method?"

"And will you kindly tell me what your method consists of? Also, how it is learned and applied?"

"Yes, it is work; just work; and then more work. There is only one way to succeed, and that way is work."

"But is there no place for ability or genius in your system? Are those to be considered non-essentials?"

"No, not at all, for genius is simply extraordinary capacity for work. Ability, talent and genius in all their forms are simply varying degrees of working capacity. The term 'work' covers it all, and the greatest workers accomplish the most invariably."

"You have lived longer than I, Mr. Spaulding, and you have accomplished much. You are, or, rather, seem to be, a living example of the doctrine you preach; but I cannot agree with you. Your doctrine does not fit my case; nor does it fit the case of thousands like myself. No one has worked harder or more faithfully than I; but, as you know, I have nothing. I have accomplished nothing; and, in the eyes of successful men, I am nothing."

"You have been here with me only a few weeks, and that you have great capacity for work is evident to me; but if you have worked just as faithfully all your life as you have during the time spent here, I cannot understand why you should not be a great success today."

"That is precisely the very thing that I am unable to understand. I have stated my case to the most brilliant and the most successful men that I could possibly find, but they all failed to understand, just as you do, why I am a failure. I admit that work, and much work, is necessary; and there is nothing that I love better than work; but there must be something else back of a successful career besides work. If work was the only essential, I would be a millionaire today."

"You may be impatient, Mr. Reardon. You know you are only thirty, and there are many of our most successful men today that had accomplished nothing at your age. In fact, some of them were complete failures until forty, and even later. This proves that there is plenty of hope for everybody who wants to push to the front. They will all finally reach their goal. And so will you. Just keep at it. One of these days things will take a turn."

"It is very good of you, Mr. Spaulding, to speak to me like that. But the fact is, I have been keeping at it for nine years, and you see the results. I have made a resolution today, however, that I feel, somehow, will clear the mystery. I am going to find out where my ambitions and desires originate. There must be someone in this world who knows. When I discover the power that is back of my ambition,

I may also discover that power that can make my ambitions come true. It seems to me that the two powers must come from the same source. At any rate, I am going to search the world over until I find someone who can tell me what I wish to know in this important matter."

"You are going into the mystery of things rather deeply, are you not, Mr. Reardon? According to my view, success lies in the other direction. In a way I admire you for wanting to get down to rock bottom, but be careful that you do not become a mystical philosopher instead of a man of practical achievement. Personally, I think very little of the man who simply speculates about things. My ideal man is the man who does things."

"There we agree perfectly, Mr. Spaulding. I want to do things. That is the reason why I wish to understand that power that can carry my ambition through. But we have talked enough for the present; the afternoon is slipping away, and I have nearly a day's work that ought to be finished before I go home. You know, it was always my privilege to have to do the work of several men. Every position I ever held confronted me with that circumstance; but I never received more than the pay of half a man. And therein lies another mystery. I am resolved, however, to find someone who can help me clear it all up, and I was never more determined in my life. In fact, for the first time in my life my determination seems inspired with a power that will not give in."

II

The two men parted, without saying anything further, and resumed their respective duties. Richard Spaulding went to his private office and Melville Reardon to what he considered the drudgery of a minor clerk. But during the hours that followed he worked in a different mood than he had ever known before. He seemed to be two personalities; the one proceeding mechanically with the details of the task before him, the other pondering, as if in another world, wondering what the outcome of his new resolution would be. His mind was made up, however; he was determined to see his purpose through, come whatever may; and the thought of it all gave him an interest in the coming days that was rapidly becoming extreme fascination.

Thus he continued until nearly the close of the afternoon, when his attention was aroused by the beginning of an event that was to change his entire future. Little did he dream, as he was pondering over his problem a few hours before, that that day would witness the creation of a great desire and the fulfillment of that same desire, all within the space of nine short hours. But things were moving rapidly in his life that day, and he did not realize that his new and determined resolution was the cause. Though it was to be a new experience to him, a new and great day in his budding career. How often had he shed bitter tears over the grim fact that his cherished desires were never fulfilled, his ambitions never realized, his dreams never made

true; but a new day had dawned; things had begun to take a turn far sooner than expected, and a great change was coming over the spirit of his yearning soul.

"May I see Mr. Spaulding?" inquired a large, smooth-faced gentleman, with strong features, noble bearing and a kindly expression, that was quietly approaching Melville Reardon's desk.

"Certainly," was the prompt reply. "Kindly give me your name, and I will have Mr. Spaulding see you at once."

"My name is Alexander Whiting," he replied, and there was a calmness and a gentle strength in his tone that caused everybody within hearing distance to pause and wonder who this could be; he seemed so different.

In a moment Mr. Spaulding appeared, and the splendid gentleman before them began to announce his errand.

"I met a friend on the street a few minutes ago," he continued, after a few preliminary remarks, "and he told me that you wanted to sell your house, Mr. Spaulding. Accordingly I lost no time in coming to learn if it were true, because Mrs. Whiting and myself have for some time desired to live in that particular section of the city. But our only hope was in finding someone who wanted to sell his residence, as there are no more vacant lots there to be secured."

"That is the truth, Mr. Whiting. My house is for sale; but how your friend came to know it is a mystery to me. I never mentioned it to a single soul until today. I told a distant relative while he was at lunch with me; but he left immediately for the train, and I saw him off. He could not have told anyone in this city. Someone must have overheard our conversation. However, I am very glad that you found it out so soon, Mr. Whiting, and you may state your own time to come and examine the property."

"Thank you, Mr. Spaulding; I will speak with Mrs. Whiting to-night concerning the best time. She will be most happy to learn of this opportunity, and she will say, as usual, 'Another case of persistent desire.' You know we have almost unlimited faith in persistent desire, and I feel it a privilege to speak a good word for the power of persistent desire whenever the occasion presents itself."

"Beg your pardon, Mr. Whiting, for listening to private conversation," interrupted Melville Reardon, his face flushed with eager expectation, "but will you kindly tell me what you mean by the power of persistent desire? That expression seems to have a fascination for me, and I feel that I simply must find out what it means."

"That makes me happy, indeed," Mr. Whiting replied, his face beaming with a smile that had more sunshine in it than an other smile Melville Reardon had ever seen. "If you are fascinated by that expression," he continued, "you will soon understand it. And it is my conviction that when you do understand it you will have the power to build your own future as you like."

In a moment the mind of Melville Reardon was trembling with uncontrollable eagerness as his thoughts were wildly flying hither and thither in a strange sea of unutterable emotion; his face was a study

in crimson, then white, then crimson again, and his tongue refused to obey. This was certainly too much. A few hours ago he had made a resolution, and had inspired that resolution with intense desire and determination; and now, even before the day was done, a stranger had mysteriously come into his presence to tell him the very thing he wanted to know. What was the meaning of it all? Was this another case of persistent desire? But how could it work so soon? Was it because, for the first time in his life, he had given the whole of his life to the spirit of his desire? If so, the secret for which he had longed and yearned and prayed these many years was being revealed at last. And what would the future be? Would he realize the one ruling ambition of his life, and would he find *her*? A million thoughts were crowding in upon his mind, and he seemed to live a thousand years with every breath. But he was only passing through a storm of mental perturbation; he was not taking advantage of Mr. Whiting's presence to get at the vital facts. Soon he realize this, and made a supreme effort to gain sufficient self-control to speak. Presently he continued: "Mr. Whiting, I have hundreds of questions to ask. I must have this subject cleared up at once. Can you tell me how, where and when it might be done?"

"I certainly can," Mr. Whiting replied, with a smile that contained even more sunshine than the one before. "Mrs. Whiting and myself shall be most happy indeed to have you call tonight. We can tell you a great deal about how we passed from poverty, sickness and trouble to health, happiness and plenty. And I shall try to have Cyril Janos, the man who first gave us the secret, come also. He can answer all your questions, and tell you exactly how to proceed from where you are now."

"Oh, Mr. Whiting, if I had a million hearts, I could thank you a million times with every one of them. Surely my gratitude is unbounded, and my joy supreme. What a wonderful afternoon this has been. It has changed everything; it has turned all my views upside down, and I seem to see the entire cosmos through some newly acquired vision. But the change is wonderful; it will take months, I am sure, before I can become accustomed to the beauty and the glory of it all. But tell me, who is Cyril Janos? If he knows these great secrets he must be most extraordinary; and if so, why have I not heard of him before? I hope he is not a man of mystery, for I have had too much of the mysterious already."

"No, indeed, there is nothing mysterious about Cyril Janos; he is one of the few who has practically eliminated mystery from his life. But he is not working for the public as yet, and he blows no trumpet, because he is otherwise engaged. He is too busy getting down to the rock bottom of human life, human thought, human power and human possibility. He is what may be termed a master mind in the new school of psychology, though his field of study embraces everything that is contained in the human domain. Or, you may call him a scientist of the new type, as he differs from earlier scientists in this respect, that he wastes no time on the weighing and comparing of

effects regardless of cause. He is devoting his life to the study of causes, or rather the undercurrents and origins of thought, action, feeling, desire, will, ambition and the hundreds of factors and forces that arise in the vastness of the mental domain."

"At last!" shouted Melville Reardon, as he threw his arms in the air, and actually danced with the frenzy of uncontrollable glee. "Now," he continued, "I shall learn where my ambitions originate, and where those powers may be found that can push my ambitions through. Yes, at last my day has come; the turning point in my life is at hand, and with all the power of my soul I declare it, that my future shall be as brilliant as the noon-day sun."

The brilliancy of his future was yet to be revealed, but his face certainly did shine as he made this great and inspiring declaration. A new light had come into his life, and it was so strong that it glorified his countenance with the radiant sunshine of his beautiful, illumined soul. To Mr. Whiting, the transformation that was taking place in the soul of that brilliant young man, was a sight that he would have lived a lifetime to see; and he would have gone to any part of the world just to behold such a sight once more.

"One more question, Mr. Whiting, please, before you go," he continued, as he momentarily came down from the lofty pinnacle of his famous declaration. "You have conquered adversity; you are building your own future as you choose, and you understand some of the greatest truths in the universe; how, then, can you be so calm and self-possessed about it all? It seems to me that you ought to be on fire with enthusiasm."

"The fact that I am not on fire with enthusiasm is one of my secrets, Mr. Reardon. If you would conquer adversity you must first conquer, or rather control, yourself; and one of the chief essentials in this direction is to be calm and self-possessed."

With this happy thought Mr. Whiting left the office, leaving Mr. Spaulding and Mr. Reardon viewing each other's mingled expressions in a manner that pen could not possibly describe. Strange things had happened that afternoon, and coming developments seemed to indicate that still stranger things would happen in the near future. That the two men hardly knew what to say to each other at the close of such a day, and upon the departure of such a visitor, was not a matter, therefore, of surprise. Finally, Mr. Spaulding broke the silence as he ventured: "I am certainly curious to know what Cyril Janos is going to tell you tonight, and I shall consider it a great favor if you will say something to me about it in the morning."

"Most assuredly, I will tell you everything that is not strictly private, and I do not presume that any of his remarks will be of that nature; at any rate, not this time. But, Mr. Spaulding, will you do me a favor in return?"

"With the greatest of pleasure, Mr. Reardon."

"It is not at all polite for me to ask, and I shall not feel offended in the least if you refuse to answer my question; but it does seem strange to me that you intend to dispose of that beautiful home."

"Yes, it will seem strange to all my friends and acquaintances; but I am doing it for the sake of my daughter. You know Adeline is a very peculiar girl. She always did live in a different world from the rest of us, but since her mother passed away three years ago she has been more transcendental than ever before. And the strangest part of it is that that mental attitude seems to fit her so perfectly. She is actually growing more beautiful and more fascinating every year. To the young men who know her she is absolutely irresistible; she is constantly having offers of marriage, and the most splendid offers; but she rejects them all. She says she will not marry until she meets the 'idol of her dreams,' or what she sometimes calls 'a certain kind of a man.' What she means by that I don't know; but I do know that she will never find that 'certain kind.' Such men do not exist, and I am going to take her all over the world so she may lose her illusion and learn to love some kind of a man that does exist. I want her to marry, and if she will simply come down to earth a little and be sensible on matters of human nature, she can marry, and marry very well, any day she may choose. But what is the matter, Mr. Reardon? Why, you are blushing like a girl."

"I would like to tell you, Mr. Spaulding; in fact, I must tell somebody soon, but not now. My system is keyed up too high from what I have passed through today, and if I should mention this other matter, there might be a reaction, and then a break-down."

"Another mystery, is it? But you are certainly filled and surrounded with mysteries; and all of them seem to be overhung with dark and threatening clouds. Tell me, Mr. Reardon, you are not in love, are you?"

"I am, and I am not."

"Ah, you love someone whom you are not permitted to love."

"No, not that. You can never guess, Mr. Spaulding, and yet you know all about it."

"Well, if you are not the strangest young man I ever saw. The moment I think I understand you perfectly, you do something or say something that leaves me more in the dark than ever before. You must have had some great love affair in the past that turned out sadly. Am I right?"

"No, you are not. I never had a real love affair in my life."

"What, a handsome, brilliant young man of thirty, literally boiling over with emotion and affection, and never had a love affair? No, that is too much to believe."

"Nevertheless, that is the truth. Though I admit it is the truth from a certain point of view only, and not the truth from all points of view."

"Say nothing more, Mr. Reardon. The more you talk about yourself the more convinced I become that there is something in your nature that needs to be disentangled. You seem to have the power to be everything, and yet, as you say, you are nothing. What is the answer? You need a physician of some kind, and very much. And I shall certainly be glad if that is what you will find tonight."

"That is the truth, Mr. Spaulding. Again I agree with you perfectly. But if I should tell you everything that I have passed through during the last nine years, you would positively become speechless with astonishment and surprise. They say that truth is stranger than fiction; but my experience is even stranger than truth. If you wish, I will tell you all about it in the near future. And tomorrow I will tell you about my experience tonight. You may then conclude that you will also want to know something about 'origins' and 'undercurrents' in the human mind."

"I don't doubt it in the least, Mr. Reardon. I admit that I have an intense desire to go with you; but I am not invited."

"In that case I will intercede for you, and do my very best to get you an invitation for next time. But I must go home and get ready for this disentanglement in my life. I don't claim to be prophetic, but I feel it coming, and I somehow seem to **know** that all my griefs, my sorrows, my disappointments and my failures are at an end. Something seems to be singing in my soul; it seems to be an endless joy-song, for all I can hear is, 'Joy cometh in the morning.' Good-night, Mr. Spaulding, and remember me kindly to Adeline."

III

When Richard Spaulding came home that night he bore an expression that was new to Adeline. He seemed to be half-sad, something she had never noticed before, and she silently wondered what was on his mind. But she had little opportunity to wonder very long about that phase of his expression, because she could see something else in his face; and that something else aroused both curiosity and joy in her keenly observing mind. Her father seemed to be a different man that night. Though he had always seemed to her a remarkable man, so much of a man that his nature, during his best moments, seemed almost identical with the "idol of her dreams;" but on that night he seemed to be more of a man than he had ever been before. She could distinctly discern that something new, something greater, something more noble had been awakened in his soul, and she was so delighted that it was only with great difficulty that she controlled her desire to ask how it all happened.

Nothing was said, however, about the change that she observed so distinctly. She did not inquire, and he did not venture to explain. He knew he felt differently, and for the first time in his life he thought he could understand the real nature of his charming daughter. "She is more than clay," he mused to himself; "and that is why everybody loves her, nay more, worships her. But why should we not all be more than clay? Are we afraid of that something in human nature that cannot be seen, or weighed or measured? We seem to be, for most of us fail to give a single thought to the recognition and making evident of that something. And yet it is this immaterial something that makes woman beautiful and man great."

Thus he mused and thought and pondered, alternating with frequent prayers of silent gratitude. What a privilege he enjoyed in being at home with beautiful Adeline. How lovely it was to be in her presence, the reigning goddess of his heart. And yet he had said that very day that he wanted to take her around the world in order that he might give her away to some one who possibly would never understand her nature or appreciate her superior worth. Why had he told his relative that he wanted to sell his house? He had never thought of doing so until that very hour they were at lunch. And why did somebody overhear it? Why should that somebody accidentally meet Mr. Whiting the very next hour? Why did it all happen, anyway? How wonderfully strange it all seemed. But he was certainly grateful that it all did happen. He had met Mr. Whiting, which he considered a great privilege. He knew it would mean the turning of the tide for Melville Reardon, and that brilliant young man certainly deserved the very best that this world can give. Besides, he, himself, the rich and successful Richard Spaulding, was mysteriously drawn to those ideas that were to be discussed at the home of the Whitings that night. Why did he want to know anything about those matters? He had accomplished so much. What more did he want? He repeated again and again, "What more did he want?" Yes, there was something more. He had accumulated things; he was surrounded with luxuries; he was living in an elegant mansion; no, he was not living; there was the aching void. He wanted to live; that was the something more that was wanted. On that night he seemed to be on the verge of real life, and the foretaste was creating an intense desire for more. He knew Mr. Whiting was living, not simply existing. He knew that Mr. Whiting had something, whatever it was, that seemed more fascinating than all the wealth in the world. But Mr. Whiting also had wealth, ability, health, a strong, vigorous personality and any amount of common sense. That something was an addition and not a subtraction. Why should not everybody want it? "Yes," he said, almost aloud, "everybody would want it if they knew what it was."

There was but little conversation between Adeline and her father that night. She saw that he was thinking of something very important and she would not interrupt. She had the happy faculty of adapting herself perfectly to anyone's condition or frame of mind, and whatever the occasion might demand, she always looked upon it all as a privilege. She was a real girl, indeed; charming in person, lovely in mind and beautiful in soul. And how supremely happy she was ever and ever looking for him; always waiting for the "idol of her dreams." When would he come? She didn't know. Where would she meet him? She didn't know. How would she find him, or he find her? She didn't know. But somehow she felt that something would soon happen to bring her into the presence of her own. And the thought of that sublime event made her nature so sweet, so pure and so divinely beautiful, that to meet her, though only for a moment, was to worship her memory always.

Since the passing of her mother, Adeline had been the ruling spirit of that beautiful home, and most charmingly did she exercise her queenly function. She ruled as if she were absolute monarch, without making any effort whatever to do so. To simply be in her presence was to be willing, nay more, anxious, to do whatever she might wish to have done. She seemed to carry about her an atmosphere that gave peace and comfort to everybody; and though only twenty-two, she could enter understandingly into a sympathetic attitude with every imaginable trouble in the world; and she could also find the happy word or deed that meant sunshine to all who might come her way. To be with Adeline, just for a few moments; that was enough; and all was well again. But she was not a soul apart from the world. She was thoroughly human in every sense of that term, but the human elements in her nature were so wonderfully blended, that wherever she might be, she was invariably singled out as the one human rose in bloom. And it was such a woman Mr. Spaulding had the privilege to meet every evening as he came home. How could he ever think of giving her away to a mere man? But it was her happiness he had in mind, and he wanted to arrange for her a splendid match. To Adeline, however, a splendid match did not necessarily mean marriage with a rich man's son. It might be that, but it might also be more; and the time was drawing near when her father would discover that priceless treasure that was hidden within the more.

How different was everything in what Melville Reardon called his home. Just a small room on the third floor of a building that had known better days. Nothing much there to invite, to cheer, to inspire. True, he had reasonable human comfort, but he was not living and working simply for ordinary comfort. He wanted to accomplish something. He knew he had the ability. He knew he had the power. That was the reason it was so hard to admit that he had failed. Had it been possible to silence his ambitions, he might have been able to reconcile himself to the mere earning of a living; and he had frequently tried to persuade himself that his ambitions were abnormal, mere tempers that could not be destroyed too soon. But such efforts were in vain. His ambitions and his desires for the great and the extraordinary had been growing stronger every day until they had become almost unendurable. It was therefore not a matter of choice but a matter of absolute necessity that he had resolved, with such tremendous determination, to clear up the mystery of it all upon that eventful afternoon.

He realized this as he was coming home to get ready for a still more eventful night, and asked himself again and again what the reason might be. Why had he not taken steps to solve the mystery of his life before? Why had he waited until he could endure the wild clamorings of his ambitions no more? He had not taken this step himself. He had been forced to do it by the internal warfare of his own desires. But how had he produced those desires? Why had

those desires become stronger and stronger until he could not resist them any longer?

He would willingly have destroyed his ambitions at any time for the sake of peace; but he could not; and now they had forced him to do something definite in order that their purpose might be fulfilled. How strange it all seemed, and how interesting it would be to know where those ambitions originated, where they received their power, and how they could become so strong as to dominate the entire life of the man in whose mind they lived and grew. But he would secure the facts in this great matter tonight; and as he thought of the coming privilege his joy was without bounds. He actually counted the seconds until it was time to go, and he found it practically impossible to apply his first lesson—to be calm and self-possessed.

The time to go, however, finally arrived, and in twenty minutes he had reached his destination. As he entered the fashionable Ravona and walked to the second floor to the Whiting apartment, there was a feeling of awe and half dread coming over him, but as the door was opened and he was introduced to the queenly Mrs. Whiting, all unnatural thoughts and emotions disappeared. He felt at once that he was among friends, and it was the first time he had ever felt that way in his life.

In the past he could never quite believe that his friends were truly his friends. Though he loved them and sought every opportunity possible to be with them, still there seemed to be a gulf between their worlds and his world. They either seemed to be incapable of fully appreciating him, or he seemed incapable of perfectly harmonizing with them. But he had not been in the presence of Mr. Whiting and his wonderful wife for five seconds before he felt that he was now among his own. And how deliciously sweet was the experience. How it rested his soul, and how his thought seemed to blend with the gentle music of the harmonies that played about him everywhere. It was delightful and beautiful indeed. Yes, it was good to be there. He could almost feel the harmony with his fingers and see the nymphs of gladness dance before his very eyes.

The moment he was presented to Mrs. Whiting he felt that he was wanted; not simply welcome, but wanted; and how his soul thrilled with joy as he realized the difference between the two modes of reception. He saw at once that he was in the presence of two superior souls, and he also recognized the fact that their superiority was of higher and finer quality than that which is usually described by such a term. And a hasty glance revealed the fact that everything pertaining to the home itself was in perfect keeping with the quality of that soul that reigned therein. Nothing was extremely expensive nor ostentatiously extravagant; but everything was placed in such a manner that the very climax of exquisite taste was everywhere in evidence.

Mrs. Whiting was one of those women that may be described as "divinely fashioned." She was neither too large nor too small. She

was nearly perfect in figure, beautiful in every sense of that term, possessing a remarkable degree of living soul, and having strength, kindness and tenderness most wonderfully blended, both in her nature and in her expression. She was in truth one of the "queens of this earth." She had polish and refinement, intellect and feeling, and was perfectly at home both in the kitchen and in the drawing room. But she did not consider the latter superior to the former, nor vice versa. She could royally entertain the simple-minded as well as the most cultured, for she reached all the octaves on the keyboard of human nature. She could prepare the most tempting dishes that palate had ever known, and render musical selections fit for the gods. But she had a hobby. She had an extraordinary admiration for people that seemed to possess "the promise of something better." When she met people who she thought had something in them, she would single them out, whether they had ever accomplished anything or not, and invite them to her home at every opportunity. It was, therefore, with the keenest of pleasure that she received Melville Reardon into the genial and soothing atmosphere of the Whiting home that night.

"Do you know," she said to Melville Reardon, as she invited him to the most comfortable chair in the room, "that I feel more honored in having you here tonight than the entire retinue of some reigning emperor?"

"Please, Mrs. Whiting," Melville Reardon replied, with cheeks on fire, "do not compliment my presence in such strong terms as that. I shall be utterly at a loss to know what to say in appreciation of such extraordinary kindness. Besides, I am wholly unimportant. I have accomplished nothing."

"Therein you are mistaken, Mr. Reardon. You have already accomplished much. In fact, there are less than ten living men in the world today that have accomplished more. Remember, that which is not seen comes first. That which is seen comes later. You will soon know what I mean, and the time is near at hand when you will prove that I am right."

"You may be right, Mrs. Whiting. In fact, I do not doubt in the least that you know exactly whereof you speak. But I must confess, that to me, you are speaking as if in an unknown tongue."

"Very well, we shall not discuss that matter any further just now. We have something slightly different that will require our attention this evening. Nevertheless, Mr. Reardon, I wish to repeat that I feel more honored to have you here than any monarch you could possibly mention. And you will add greatly to my happiness if you will candidly believe that I mean what I say."

Melville Reardon made an effort to reply to what to him was the most extravagant statement he had ever heard, but before he had the opportunity to do so, there was a peculiar ring at the bell; and Mrs. Whiting arose, her countenance beaming as she stated, in almost a whisper, "Cyril Janos is coming."

IV.

When Melville Reardon came to meet Cyril Janos he expected to see a remarkable man, and he was not disappointed. In fact, he was more than pleased, both with the general appearance and the general demeanor of this exceptional personage who was to lead him out of the desert of failure and despair into the pastures green of cherished ambitions made true. And it was not many minutes after the arrival of this remarkable man before the perplexing problems of Melville Reardon's mysterious life were placed under the light of psychological investigation.

"Will you kindly tell me, Mr. Reardon, if you have any definite ambitions in life?" Cyril Janos began.

"Yes," replied Melville, his whole being on fire with intensity as those ambitions were beginning to renew their wild clamorings within him, "I have two."

"When did those ambitions begin?"

"At about the age of five or six, I think; though one of them began to take shape earlier than that."

"Did you think a great deal of those ambitions at that time?"

"I thought of them almost constantly until I was twenty. I am thirty now."

"Were you very desirous to realize those ambitions, or did your thoughts concerning them take only the form of fancy?"

"My desire to realize those ambitions were intense almost constantly, and at times so deep and so strong that I really did not know what to do with myself."

"But why did you begin to think less of those ambitions after your twentieth year?"

"To answer that question I must tell you what my ambitions were. My first ambition was to wed a woman of a certain type. I used to call her 'the one woman of my dreams,' and she has continued to be true to that name. She is the only woman I ever dreamed about, and she still lives in my dreams. I have never found her. I fell in love with a real girl when I was twenty, and for the time being forgot the queen of my cherished career. Something came in the way, however, and I was prevented, in a very strang manner, from engaging myself to that 'first girl.' I have met a score of girls since whom I thought I could love, but every time something unexpected has happened to spoil it all. It has often seemed to me that a power outside myself has stepped in and stirred up something to prevent me from getting married; though I admit that my soul danced for joy every time one of those love affairs fizzled out into nothing."

"Your experience is most interesting," interrupted Cyril Janos, "and some time soon I should be pleased to have you relate to me the details in each case. It would give me abundant material for my research. The fact that you were strangely prevented from marrying any woman who was not the exact counterpart of your 'one only

woman' is easily explained, however. But what was your second ambition?"

"My second ambition," continued Reardon, "was to be highly successful in a certain special accomplishment. But I prefer not to say what it is. If I realize this ambition you will all know its nature; and if I do not, I should prefer to bury it in my own forgetfulness. It is something, however, that has never been accomplished before, but I know it is possible; and if it were accomplished it would go down in history as one of the greatest achievements of this age."

"But why did you begin to think less of this ambition after your twentieth year?"

"Because I had to begin at that time to earn my own living; and I could find no opportunity to do so along the line of my special ambition. I, therefore, had to take up other work."

"Did you feel congenial in that other work?"

"No, I did not. After I had occupied a position for a few weeks or a few months, I was driven out of it by an uncontrollable desire to do this other thing. I simply could find no peace in any line of work, nor stay long enough with any firm to secure promotion. I had to begin at the bottom wherever I went, but before I was sufficiently familiar with my work to be advanced I had to leave. My ruling ambition would become so strong that life was simply intolerable if I even thought of anything else. Then I would try to do something to carry out this ambition, but before I could accomplish anything, my pockets were empty, and I was driven back to some other work, to begin at the bottom once more."

"The situation is perfectly clear to me, Mr. Reardon. I can tell you exactly what is wrong, why things have happened to you as they have, and how you may proceed to solve your problem. Your two ambitions can be realized; kindly remember that. But when I say so I do not speak in the language of a prophet. There are thousands who have had experiences similar to your own, only your case is what may be called a 'marked case' on account of the largeness and depth of your mind. We shall explain that later. The cause in each case, however, is the same; and the remedy is the same. This remedy has been applied a number of times and it never fails; in fact, it is one of those things that cannot fail any more than dry wood can fail to burn when placed in the fire. Therefore, when I say that you can realize both of your ambitions, I am not theorizing; I am simply stating an exact scientific principle. You will accomplish that wonderful something you have in mind, Mr. Reardon, and you will find *her*. That is the truth. Then let your soul sing with unbounded rejoicing. You have certainly good reason to be happy, even to dance with unspeakable ecstasy. You have a wonderful future before you; you have the two essentials to such a future; those two essentials cannot fail to produce such a future when they once come together; and when the two exist in the same mind, as they do in your case, they finally will come together."

For a few moments everybody in the room was silent. It was

one of those moments when silence alone has the eloquence to describe what is felt in the soul. And Melville Reardon, more than the rest, felt that he had entered a silence as deep as the fathomless sea. Was it true after all that everything he had dreamed about was to be realized? Yes, he believed it was. Cyril Janos spoke as one having authority; besides, he was beginning to feel something within him that seemed greater and more powerful than all the failures he could possibly imagine. True, he had felt that same something many times before; but it seemed different now. At other times it had only come in the form of temporary spurts, but now it seemed to take the form of a calm, determined attitude, fully prepared for tangible action. What did Mrs. Whiting mean when she said, "You have already accomplished much?" Did she mean what he was now beginning to think she meant? Somehow, the mystery of it all was beginning to clear, and he was ready to turn his attention to the scientific analysis of the "cause" and the "remedy."

"Will you now tell me, Cyril Janos," he finally resumed, "where my ambitions originated, where they gained their power, and why they have become so immensely strong?"

"That is very simple. In the first place, your mind is exceptionally large and deep. What I mean is that so much of your subconscious is alive. Therefore, any desire or ambition that you might establish in your mind, would naturally gain a great deal of volume and power. In the second place, you gave your two leading ambitions almost constant thought for fifteen years or more. You continued to build up those two ambitions in your subconscious mind until they jointly became almost absolute monarch in your entire mental domain."

"That is as clear as crystal," interrupted Melville Reardon. "And how simple. I am beginning to see it all now. But excuse my interruption. Please continue," he added, his face literally beaming with eagerness and joy.

"By the time you were twenty," Cyril Janos resumed, "these two ambitions had gathered so much mental momentum that no circumstance or condition that you might encounter in your life could possibly prevent them from finally having their way. Though they have been partially pacified a number of times during the last ten years, they have come forth again each time stronger than ever. And the fact that they will not be 'downed' is proven by your presence here tonight."

"Oh, but this is interesting," declared Reardon, almost rising from his chair with eager expectation and excited attention. "But tell me before you go further, can the force of a man's ambitions be made so strong as to overcome any adversity that might come in and try to prevent those ambitions from being realized?"

"That is exactly what I mean," Cyril Janos continued. "Fully establish your ambitions in your mind, and continue to build up the subconscious power of those ambitions. In the course of time the force that is back of those ambitions will become so strong that every-

thing must move before it. No circumstance, no obstacle, no adversity can stay its onward march toward the goal it has in view."

"Talk about good news," Melville exclaimed. "That is a thousand times better than anything I ever heard. I am almost ready to shout; but—I forgot—I must be calm and self-possessed."

"And now I am going to tell you, Mr. Reardon, how this law has operated in your own life; why things have happened as they have during the last ten years."

"Yes, thank you a million times, Cyril Janos. That is exactly what I want to know. But I think I can almost guess what you are going to say."

"Your desire to wed 'a certain type of woman' is so strong in your subconscious mind that whenever you fall in love with another type you soon become wholly confused in your feelings on account of the undercurrent of your 'ideal' love trying to draw your affections in another direction. Accordingly, your love-making will not ring true; the girl will soon discover this; she will begin to doubt, either in word or in action, and before you know it, you two are having differences, disagreements and possibly quarrels. Or, this deeper desire for the 'one woman of your dreams' may so upset your mind at times that you will say something or do something that will arouse opposition either by the girl or by her relatives. You may say or do these things unintentionally, but the 'break' is made. You lose your suit and deplore the cruelty of fate. Tell me candidly, Mr. Reardon, when you have declared to those other girls, 'I love you,' have you not felt something within yourself speak up and say, 'No, it isn't so?'"

"Yes, Cyril Janos, every time. And, try as I might, that inner feeling would persist. Sometimes it would almost be silent, or be so weak that it was scarcely noticeable, while at other times it was so strong that when the girl before me asked if I loved her, it was with the greatest of effort that I was able to say that I did."

"You now see clearly, Mr. Reardon, do you not, why you have been prevented from marrying some other girl?"

"Yes, I certainly do."

"You were not prevented by Providence, or the cruelty of fate or some force outside yourself. It was your own subconscious love for 'your queen' that was so tremendously strong that it would not permit you to go very far in making love to anyone else."

"I understand it all perfectly now. And how wonderful it all is. Yes, and I now appreciate the wisdom of that man who said, 'Never pray for what you really do not want, because you may have to take it.' And I am also beginning to understand why we always get what we desire if we desire hard enough and long enough."

"You are getting down to rock bottom, Mr. Reardon, and though these great laws of the human mind work with equal precision in all individuals, it is the man whose mind is fully awake who must exercise the greatest wisdom in their daily application. A man with a deep, strong, wide-awake mind must invariably follow his deepest desires and his leading ambitions. He must work entirely for his

ideals. He must accept nothing less, neither in life nor in love. If he does, he will have trouble in great measure."

"But my other ambition?" inquired Melville. "Is all my experience connected with that explained in the same way?"

"Practically so. When you found it necessary to do something else to earn your living, you were trying to draw the faculties of your mind into new channels; but the force of your leading ambition had such a firm grip upon all your faculties that it was only for brief periods that you could enlist them in other work. When nearly all the power of your mind is moving in a certain direction, and the force of that power is immense, it is not an easy matter to turn even a small part of that power in some other direction. If you try to do so for any length of time, you will create so much antagonism among your own mental forces that life will become a misery. You will have no peace whatever, and all your joy will be turned into depression and gloom."

"That looks all very simple to me; possibly because I have gone through it all. But does this same thing take place in every mind?"

"No, not in every mind, but it does in most minds to some degree. The small mind that has no definite ambitions can turn its attention to almost any occupation with perfect ease; and the same is true of large minds that have no particular aim in life. But any mind, be it large or small, that has a definite aim in life, should begin to work at once for that aim. Otherwise there will be trouble, unhappiness and failure. And permit me to say, Mr. Reardon, that if this principle was universally understood and applied, ninety-nine per cent of the failures in the world would cease to be."

"You are making a strong statement, Cyril Janos; though I confess I am compelled to agree with you. There is a problem, however, in this connection that would have to be solved before most of us could carry out your principle. Suppose a man can find no opportunity to earn his living in the field of his leading aim, what is he going to do?"

"The solution is simple. Let him accept the first and the best opportunity he can find to earn his living, and while thus engaged, continue to prepare the way for his leading aim. The force of your leading ambition will not interfere, subconsciously, with any temporary occupation, if it is thoroughly understood that that temporary occupation is to be simply one of the means through which the leading ambition is to be realized."

"I understand what you mean, and I shall proceed to apply that idea in my own 'temporary occupation;' but if I should not succeed as well as I might wish, may I ask you to explain this matter further some time in the near future?"

"You certainly may; though I wish to speak to you further on this subject anyway at the earliest possible opportunity. To know how to effectually combine temporary necessity with permanent ambition, is one of the great stumbling blocks in human life. It is there that the majority fail. But any person can so adapt himself to a

temporary occupation and temporary conditions, as to further directly the real purpose he has in view. And if he will continue, in the meantime, to build up the subconscious power of his leading ambition, the force of that ambition will soon be strong enough to clear the way for its own realization. If a man has a desire to fill a large position, he will not have to remain in a small position very long, providing his ambition to enter the larger position is made deeper and stronger every day."

"Yes, I see it all now, Cyril Janos, and to say that my gratitude to you is without limit, without bounds and without end, is to state it mildly indeed. And I know that I shall have the privilege to come and consult you whenever I may deem it necessary."

"Do not ask me for that privilege, Mr. Reardon. Let me rather ask to have the pleasure to meet you whenever convenient. And do not thank me for clearing up a few mysteries for you tonight. You, yourself, are the cause of your being here at this time; and permit me to state that my meeting with you, and the assurance of your friendship, will mean more to me in the near future than anything else that could have happened. I could tell you this very minute what I refer to, and prove to you here and now that my statement is not extravagant. But there are times when actions speak more eloquently, more forcibly and more comprehensively than words. And in this case we shall let the action speak. Wait for it. The time is not far away."

V.

The personal interview between what Mrs. Whiting called "the two most remarkable men she had ever known" was brought to a close. Mr. and Mrs. Whiting had continued in silent admiration, but were now invited to take part in the general conversation that followed. This privilege, and Mrs. Whiting called it a privilege, was acknowledged by her in the highest terms of pleasure. She loved to talk, far more so, it was said, than any other woman that anybody had ever met. But she had never been known to talk without saying something.

At the close, however, of this exceptional interview, an interview that was to mark the beginning of some of the greatest achievements recorded in history, the opportunities for Mrs. Whiting's brilliant conversational talents were not as numerous as might have been desired. To comply with his regular habits, Cyril Janos soon found it necessary to take his departure; and after an affectionate "Good-night" to his two most devoted friends and his remarkable new-found friend, he departed for his own home.

"What do you think of Cyril Janos?" asked Mrs. Whiting, in a gentle, expectant tone, as she turned smilingly to Melville Reardon.

"To tell you what I think," he immediately replied, "would require more time than we could spare tonight. There is too much in

him to be described in a few minutes; besides, I would rather see him a second time before I give my opinion."

"Very well, Mr. Reardon, but let me give you fair warning. After you have seen him a second time you will think twice as much of him, and it will take twice as long to tell me about it. You see very little of Cyril Janos the first time you meet him. The second time you see far more. In fact, every time you meet him he seems to be twice as large in mind and soul, twice as great and twice as wonderful as he was the time before."

"That seems strange, indeed. And how interesting it would be if all our friends were that way. But to divert to a slight degree, do you not think, Mrs. Whiting, that the marital ills of today would readily disappear if such a remedy could be applied?"

"I certainly do," she said, smiling sweetly. "And what is more," she continued, "real wedded bliss becomes possible only when the mind of the man grows greater every day and the soul of the woman more beautiful."

"You have uttered one of the greatest truths of the ages, my dear," Mr. Whiting replied as he came over and kissed her affectionately. "And I know one woman," he added, "that has made that truth a part of herself. If you wish to see her, I shall bring a mirror at once."

"No, thank you; not just now. I would rather talk to Mr. Reardon than look at my own face."

"Why, Mrs. Whiting," Melville Reardon exclaimed, "that is the finest compliment that has ever been paid to me."

"It certainly has a rich and extravagant appearance," said Mr. Whiting, "but if you knew how well Mrs. Whiting loves to talk, the value of that compliment would depreciate quite a little."

"However that may be," replied Mr. Reardon, "I shall accept it at its full face value. And I shall be most happy to prolong my visit in order to listen to Mrs. Whiting, but I must say good-night."

"You remember what I said, Mr. Reardon, when you first came here tonight," Mrs. Whiting began, as the full glory of her soul seemed to reveal itself through her tender and brilliant countenance.

"Yes, I remember, Mrs. Whiting, and I shall never forget it, even though there be no end to my conscious existence."

"Well, I wish to repeat it," she continued, "and with added emphasis. And before you leave, may I ask you to be with us next Wednesday evening? I want you to meet two exceptional people with whom I have recently become acquainted; a young man and a young woman; they don't know each other, but they will after Wednesday evening. But that will not be all that they will know after that evening. I mean to tell them something that they never heard of before."

"That would be a foregone conclusion, Mrs. Whiting, no matter whom you might invite. And I shall accept your invitation for that evening with far more pleasure than I can possibly say. But, may I ask why those new-found friends are exceptional?"

"That is a matter that cannot be explained. You will know when you see them. Miss Mildred Kirkwood, the young woman, is one of those rare souls that have all the admirable qualities that you can think of except one—the power to get what is due her. She is simply giving her life away to everybody with whom she associates, be it in the business world, among her friends, or at home."

"And she gets nine dollars a week for the privilege," interrupted Mr. Whiting.

"She could marry the best man in the world," Mrs. Whiting continued; "and the best man in the world would be in the greatest luck to get her."

"Then why doesn't she find him and marry him?" asked Mr. Reardon, trying to suppress a smile.

"She doesn't want to. That's the reason."

"She doesn't want to? In that case I can readily understand why you call her exceptional."

"You misunderstand me, Mr. Reardon. She would like to, but she doesn't want to."

"Why, what do you mean, Mrs. Whiting? You are becoming mysterious."

"Not at all. I said she would like to, but she doesn't want to. You know there is a difference. I am going to tell her the difference next Wednesday evening. Then she will want to. And she will not want to very long without getting a husband that is fully worthy of such a superior girl."

"I shall be deeply interested to know the difference," replied Melville Reardon, as he quietly thought to himself that he might at the same time learn how to find her.

"And Emory Warren, the young man," continued Mrs. Whiting, "is one of those modern philosophers who knows perfectly how to change the present order of human conditions, but does not know how to change his own conditions. I am going to tell him something. He is not satisfied with things as they are; nor do I think I should be if I had to wear the same suit five seasons; though I should blame myself first, and the present social order later on, if necessary. He claims to be able to say exactly where all present systems are wrong, and I admit his arguments are unanswerable as far as he goes. You heard me say 'as far as he goes,' did you not, Mr. Reardon?"

"I did, Mrs. Whiting, and I think I understand what you mean."

"But when he begins to talk to me, he will have to go farther. That will change his mind. You always have to change your mind when you go farther. And when he changes his mind, or, rather, gets a new mind, he will soon have a new suit of clothes. Then things as they are will look better. But he is certainly a remarkable young man. His only fault seems to be that he is always wanting to give medicine to others, the human race at large, but doesn't seem to realize that he needs some of it himself."

"You have planned a most interesting evening for next week, Mrs. Whiting, and I want to thank you again and again for the privi-

lege to come. And now 'good night.' Mr. Whiting, 'good-night, your coming to see Mr. Spaulding today is to me nothing less than a miracle.'

The great day, the greatest day, by a thousand times, that Mr. Reardon had ever seen was almost done, though not quite. One more event, an event that would mean far more than he could possibly have dreamed that night, was yet to transpire before he might refresh his mind in sleep.

"Why, good evening, Mr. Reardon. This is a pleasure indeed."

"Good evening, Mrs. Arnold," he replied, rather coldly, as a strong-minded widow of sixty summers entered the car and came directly to seat herself beside him.

"You are looking better tonight than usual," she continued. "Most of the time you look sad and tired, and, in fact, almost as if you were sick. To tell you the truth, Mr. Reardon, I don't think you are well. You either work too hard, or something. But you almost look happy tonight; though I dare say you don't look that way very often."

"No, not very often, Mrs. Arnold. And if you know something about my life you would not be surprised at my usual seriousness, or what many call half-sadness. There are times, however, when I am very happy. Yes, there are times when my joy goes far beyond anything that the average man or woman ever dreamed of. You know, Mrs. Arnold, that I have not been satisfied; you know that I am lonely; you know I have not accomplished what I have yearned for so intensely and so long; you know that for certain reasons every day has been a disappointment and my whole life a failure. You know these things; you do not know the reason why, but you know that I have had nothing in the visible world to give me happiness. But, regardless of these facts, I have moments when my soul ascends to spheres of joy, so gorgeously sublime that a million heavens combined as one would seem insignificant in comparison. And for those moments I would not take all the wealth and all the fame in the world."

"That must be very beautiful, Mr. Reardon."

"Yes, it is beautiful," he replied, thinking to himself how little she understood what he was trying to convey, and wondering why he so frequently told this woman so many things that he previously did not intend to mention.

"But tell me," Mrs. Arnold resumed, "how do you account for these experiences?"

"I did not know until tonight. That and a score of other mysteries have been solved for me tonight. Everything is changed now; and that is why I look so different."

"And what has happened, Mr. Reardon? You will tell me all about it, will you not? There are so few people in the car that no one will hear it if you consider the matter purely personal."

"No, Mrs. Arnold, not tonight. I would not have sufficient time. In a few minutes you will reach your destination."

"That's true. Thank you for reminding me, for I have something unusually important to say to you. I was going to send you a note, but now I can present my message in person. You know I have been thinking a great deal about you recently, and have taken such a deep interest in your welfare. Yes, I have been interested in you ever since I first met you at that dinner a month ago. And when you told me last week about your being so lonely I made up my mind that I would have you meet some nice girl as soon as possible. And the very first girl I thought of was Miss Elviria Cameron. She goes to our church and she is so sweet. Just the kind of a girl you would like; young and pretty; splendid company, full of life, and she has golden hair."

"Do you hear that, Mr. Reardon?" she continued, with a meaningful expression in her eye, "deep blue eyes and golden hair."

"Yes, I hear everything you say, Mrs. Arnold," he replied, in a voice that expressed anything but interest.

"I saw Miss Cameron today," she resumed, "and I asked her to come to my house Friday night of next week. She will come in the afternoon before it gets dark. You come later. And just think of it, Mr. Reardon, you will have the opportunity to take her home. Now remember the date. I have it all arranged for you. And I know you will promise to come without fail."

Something within him seemed to say, "Don't go," and he had a strong desire to refuse; nevertheless he told Mrs. Arnold he would come, and thanked her most politely for her great kindness.

But as he retired that night he could not help asking himself repeatedly why he had promised Mrs. Arnold against his will. And he could not feel satisfied in the least with what he had done. After such a wonderful day, and far more wonderful night, why should this cloud come over his life when everything had been cleared so perfectly? What did it mean? And what would be the result of his meeting this fair maiden with the golden hair? As he thought of her for a moment, a strange feeling came over him. Yes, he did want to see her, and he was so grateful for the invitation. Then, after a pause, something within him began to revolt; for some strange reason he felt that he must not go to meet that girl. Yes, he should have refused. But it was not too late. This was only Thursday night, and the invitation was for Friday night of next week. He could easily find an excuse and send word immediately in the morning. "No," he finally declared, almost aloud, "I will stand by my promise, come whatever may. I am ready to meet anything now and will positively not hedge at a single circumstance that may come my way."

With this declaration, the cloud seemed to pass, and his mind again was rejoicing over everything that had happened that day. What a future was before him. And how supremely interesting it would be to watch the development of everything in his life as that future unfolded in its richness and glory. The thought of it all was sweet indeed. Yes, now he could rest peacefully. But here was nature's opportunity. He was thinking of peace and rest. The door

of the beautiful land of dreams was quietly opening before him; and as he entered, nature smiled sweetly. Well might she smile and turn her eyes to the heavens with gratitude and joy, for on that night she had produced another man.

VI.

When Melville Reardon appeared at his work the morning after that most wonderful day and still more wonderful night, he was greeted in a manner that could not have been more gracious had he been some highly honored guest. Richard Spaulding had arrived much earlier than usual, and was anxiously waiting to learn what exceptional information had been divulged at the home of the Whitings the night before.

"Come into my office at once, won't you, please?" he began the very moment he saw Mr. Reardon. "Now tell me all about it," he continued as the door to his private sanctum was closed behind them. "Excuse me for being in such a hurry," he went on as he offered Mr. Reardon a chair directly in front of his own, "but I have several significant reasons. I believe some big things are going to happen here today. I just had a most important telephone message. This calls upon me to decide in a matter that requires extraordinary judgment. But before I take that matter up I must know what you were told last night. It is necessary that I should know before I can proceed with the problem that I have just been requested to solve. And it is especially necessary that I know something definite about Mr. Whiting. Kindly tell me just exactly what you think of him. You may be surprised at my curiosity, but I have reasons, business reasons, and the exact facts may mean much to you as well as to Mr. Whiting and myself."

"My candid opinion is this," Mr. Reardon replied, "that Mr. Whiting has no superior in the business world. He holds an excellent position at present, but he is certainly able to fill one that is many times as good. And he undoubtedly will secure something that is much better very soon. His rise has been rapid since he became a friend of Cyril Janos, and when you become acquainted with that remarkable man—and I would advise you to take steps in that direction at once—you will readily appreciate the reason why."

"So you really got something out of your visit, did you?" interrupted Mr. Spaulding.

"I certainly did. That man seems to know everything, and he has promised to tell me all he knows."

"Well, now, you are in luck at last; and I am glad; but do you know if his extraordinary knowledge is of practical value?"

"Yes, that is the beauty of it. It is all practical. And you may think I am in luck to get it; but I have another name for that phenomenon."

"Very well, Mr. Reardon, but we shall not have time to discuss

scientific terms just now. Tell me more about Mr. Whiting. What does his present position pay, do you know?"

"Four years ago, at the time he first met Cyril Janos, he was working for twenty-five dollars a week. His present position pays him \$12,000 a year. But according to my judgment he could easily fill, full to the brim, a place that pays several times as much."

"You really think so?" Mr. Spaulding asked, excitedly.

"And why not? I just stated that he had no superior anywhere in the business world. I came to that conclusion last night. You would come to the same conclusion if you could enjoy an hour of intimate conversation with him. But my judgment is not the only source of information that I possess on that subject. I met the president of the firm this morning with which Mr. Whiting is connected."

"You did—accidentally, or how?—and what did he tell you?"

"You would call it accidentally, a mere coincidence, but that is another phenomenon for which I have found a new name."

"There now, never mind your new names. What did he say about Mr. Whiting?"

"He said that Mr. Whiting was a marvel, especially in executive ability and in his wonderful control over men. He said that there were over a thousand men, nearly all nationalities represented, working at his factory, and there was not one of those men that would not do anything Mr. Whiting wanted done. The order and harmony in that establishment had been practically perfect, he said, since Mr. Whiting had taken charge, about a year ago, and he added, with deep satisfaction, that the profits of the concern had, during the same period, been twenty-five per cent greater than any similar length of time in the past."

"But I am happy to hear that," declared Mr. Spaulding, in a tone wherein excited interest was strangely blended with the keenest delight. "Your meeting that man this morning may solve my problem," he continued, "but how did it happen if it was a coincident and not a coincident?"

"The man simply came up and spoke to me at the elevated station as we were waiting for the train. You know I am extremely happy this morning, and I suppose I showed it very distinctly. The first thing he said to me was, 'What is the secret, young man, of that wholesome, inspiring smile?' 'But I tell you,' he continued after a slight pause, 'it does a man good to see a smile like that. I wish I could get it; though I ought to, as I see it every day. The manager of our factory, Mr. Whiting, uses that brand altogether.' I then told him that I had met Mr. Whiting twice, and without me asking a single question he volunteered all the information I might have desired concerning what he was pleased to call 'the greatest marvel in the business world today.' As we parted he concluded by stating that he, himself, did not feel much like smiling, as Mr. Whiting was far too big a man for his present position, and would naturally find opportunities higher up before long."

"Well, if all of this is not too funny. You discovered accident-

ally this morning, or whatever you may call it, the very thing I wanted to know after receiving that telephone message. Strange, very strange, indeed. But can you tell me where to reach that man by telephone? I must speak to him at once."

"Yes, here is his business card. I don't know why he gave it to me, but he did nevertheless."

"Thank you, Mr. Reardon, thank you ten thousand times. You have rendered me a great service, and some day soon I shall be most happy to have the privilege to do something special for you. And now go to your work for a few minutes while I call up this man. When I am through I will want you to come in again and tell me everything about your wonderful experience last night."

"I shall be ready to tell you everything whenever you want me, Mr. Spaulding, though I do not see how it would be possible for you to enjoy hearing about it as much as I shall enjoy telling about it," said Melville Reardon as he smilingly left the room. He went directly to his desk, but he had scarcely been seated when he was approached by a somewhat ordinary looking man holding a large newspaper clipping in his hand. "Is this your advertisement?" he asked, excitedly.

"It is," replied Mr. Reardon.

"Then give me particulars," he demanded in a voice that revealed a fair degree of intelligence and feeling incoherently blended with a large degree of crudeness.

The particulars were promptly handed to him in the form of an assortment of attractive-looking printed matter.

"You know my youngest brother died a short time ago," he went on as he was hurriedly glancing over this "special information" on "where to invest your surplus earnings," "and he was insured. That's how we happen to have some ready cash to invest just now."

"But I'm sorry to hear that," Mr. Reardon replied, sympathetically, "especially since he was the youngest. Young people should live. I like to see them have a chance first to get something out of life, or at least to prove that they had something in them—something that was worth much, even though it did not last long."

"You are right in that," the stranger replied, slowly and meditatively, "but it finally happened as we expected."

"Was he sick long?"

"No, only a few weeks this time, but he was down seriously for many months when he was about six. Mother said at that time that he couldn't live, and even after he got well she insisted that his life would be short. I don't know why she thought so, but we all somehow got to thinking the same. There were eight of us in the family, and all of us got to feeling more and more that little brother wouldn't be with us very long. That's why we had him insured, though we really couldn't afford it."

"How old was he when he died?"

"About twenty."

"So it took fourteen years for your expectations to come true?"

"Yes, fourteen years."

"Did he also think that his life would be short?"

"Oh, certainly. Our fears for his life were often talked about in the family. And whenever he would get a cold or something, mother would tell him to get ready to meet his Maker. She seemed to think that every time he didn't feel quite right the end was near. But he hung on for quite a while; though he went at last just as we all expected."

"The whole family, then, sort of lived constantly in the fear of his death."

"Yes, that's true."

"Did you, or any member of the family, ever read the Bible?"

"I should say so; every day; most surely, we are all regular church members, and in the best of standing."

"And do you remember of ever reading somewhere in that book about the thing I feared has come upon me?"

"I have read it many times. But what do you mean by asking me that?"

"Think a while, and you will know."

"You don't mean to say that that boy died because we all feared it, do you?"

"My friend, I am only quoting scripture. Though I am inclined to think that if the whole family had spent fourteen years expecting that boy to live a long, healthful life, you would not have had any insurance money to invest today."

"I think I understand," he said, slowly, his eyes gazing into empty space, while his depressed countenance revealed the troubled efforts of his mind trying to grasp some unknown something that seemed within his reach and yet beyond him. "We all made a mistake," he continued, after a few moments of painful endeavor to suppress the tears; "it is dawning upon me now—it was all wrong—we scared him to his grave—the dear boy—he should have lived—he might have lived—but we didn't know—it was all wrong."

"Thank you," he exclaimed, extending his hand to Mr. Reardon, "for telling me this." And almost choking with emotion, he concluded, as he turned to leave, "We will not do it again—if we had only known it before—but we will not—no, we will not—"

He was gone, but the deep impression that his brief visit had made upon the mind of Melville Reardon was destined to remain.

"Why did I speak to the man like that?" Mr. Reardon mused to himself. "I never thought of that ancient statement of Job before as having that particular meaning. But it is clear to me now that that is what it means. What we fear comes; what we don't fear doesn't come, can't come. Strange doctrine surely, but I can think of hundreds of incidents in my life and my observations that prove it. But I wonder what I am going to find out next?"

He had barely finished this brief meditation when Mr. Spaulding again called him to his private office, and he responded instantly, with a new joy in his heart.

"I reached him all right," Mr. Spaulding began, his face lit up

with the sunshine of real, whole-souled satisfaction. "And he gave me all the information I wanted," he continued, "not suspecting my object. But you know the best place must have the best man, and the smaller must not complain when it loses that which is ready for the larger. You will understand after a while, Mr. Reardon, what I mean. And now tell me what you learned last night, but kindly omit the details for the present. I called up Mr. Whiting also. He will be here in about thirty minutes. I have a matter of great importance to discuss with him, and by first knowing something about these ideas through which he has become so remarkably successful, I shall be in a better position to properly place my questions."

The thirty minutes proved far too short for such an important report; but Mr. Spaulding gained sufficient for the object he had in view. And he also gained such a deep interest in what he termed the "Janos Philosophy" that he resolved to go and secure every fact known to that remarkable scientist, no matter what the cost might be.

"My problem is solved," he declared with enthusiasm, as he noted that the time for Mr. Whiting's arrival was almost at hand. "And now I am going to prove to myself," he said, as he arose and placed his hand affectionately upon Mr. Reardon's shoulder, "that my solution is most happy. You will be interested to know what it is, my good friend—you have been a real good friend to me today, and I want you to remain right here during my interview with Mr. Whiting. In fact, no one deserves more than you to know the inside facts in this case, as it was your 'out of the ordinary' smile at the elevated station this morning that has made possible what is going to happen now."

VII.

The thirty minutes had passed, and Mr. Spaulding was informed that a splendid-looking gentleman was waiting to see him. "Come right in, Mr. Whiting," he said, as he stepped to the door and gave his distinguished visitor a handshake that would have quailed an ordinary mortal. "You are the one man that is wanted here today," he continued, with a smile that was almost like that particular brand that had been mentioned an hour or two before.

"Thank you, Mr. Spaulding; no greater honor can man receive from man than what you have just conferred upon me," said Mr. Whiting, in that strong, quiet tone that seemed to cause even the elements of the atmosphere to stop and listen. "To be wanted," he resumed, with added emphasis, "is the greatest privilege of all; you can therefore imagine my appreciation of the manner in which I have just been received."

"The honor, the privilege and the appreciation is even greater on our side, Mr. Whiting, I assure you; but be seated; we have something of exceptional importance to discuss with you, and it is a matter that does not permit of delay."

"I am at your service, Mr. Spaulding, and shall apply my best efforts in directing the issue before us toward a successful termination."

"Then we shall proceed at once. And, to begin, Mr. Whiting, may I ask of you a number of personal questions?"

"You may ask me anything you like. And though I am not egotistical, still I feel I can truthfully say that if you cross-examine me closely you will find a few things in my experience that are worth finding. Not that I discovered the ideas that originated those experiences; others did that; but it has been my privilege to prove those ideas to be true."

"Therefore, Mr. Whiting, it is your privilege to feel proud, very proud indeed. The man who has done something worth while should not be called upon to designate himself as 'your humble servant.' Let us be done with the word 'humble' as well as the attitude which it represents. The majesty of the universe calls upon man to look up, not down. And it is my conviction that the man of great deeds not only may, but must, give himself full credit. If he does not, he is dealing unjustly with those precious faculties that he has received from nature and from nature's God. He who declares that he is nothing also declares that his creator is nothing. Despise effect and you despise cause. But which is the greater, the man who discovers or the man who demonstrates, is one of those questions that has no answer; personally, however, I am very fond of the man who demonstrates. To him who can prove the truth—to him will I bow in reverence any time and anywhere."

"Most excellently stated, Mr. Spaulding. Thus far your ideas are thoroughbreds in every sense of the term. And if your other ideas belong to the same superior class, you are already within the boundary line of that philosophy into which Mr. Reardon was initiated last night."

"Most of them are, I think; and in that case my initiation will come easy. But that is another matter. What I want to know now, Mr. Whiting, is what methods you have employed in attaining such a remarkable degree of success both in your work and in yourself. I have inquired about you somewhat extensively, not for curiosity, but for business reasons; I will explain these reasons shortly; and I have secured facts concerning you that are simply astounding. I want to know your secret. How did you begin? How did you proceed after you actually had begun? And how did you reach your present position? Kindly tell me as briefly as you can and as concisely as you can. You will confer a great favor upon me, and several others, by so doing. And please remember that I am just as interested to know how you gained your present personal worth as how you gained your ability and power in the commercial world. You have not only become successful in your vocation, but also in your life; while you have been increasing your salary you have also been increasing your manhood and your finer personal qualities; for every dollar you have added to your bank account you have added several to the riches of

your mind and soul. And let me tell you, Mr. Whiting, there are few such men."

"Your appreciation, Mr. Spaulding, is extraordinary, indeed, but my gratitude is far greater, whether you think such be possible or not. However, I shall not express my feelings in this matter; first, because they are too deep for verbal expression; and second, because I am here to answer your questions. And this I shall do with the greatest of pleasure."

"Yes, tell us, Mr. Whiting, how you began; what happened first as you emerged from that twenty-five-dollar-a-week sphere of existence?"

"To answer that I should have to tell you first about my wife. I owe the change for the better exclusively to her; not for what she had done, but for what she had failed to do. When I married her she was in very poor health; in fact, she had been almost an invalid for years. That is how I happened to win her. If she had been well she would not have married an ordinary man like I was at the time. She was so brilliant in mind and so beautiful in soul that had she had physical health and personal attractions to correspond, she could have married her choice from the best men in the world. But the best men in the world are not looking for sick girls."

"Nevertheless, she won the best man in the world without knowing it at the time," interrupted Mr. Reardon. "Though she knows it now," he added, with assuring emphasis.

"Again I should be happy to fully express my appreciation," continued Mr. Whiting, "but again it is too deep for verbal expression. I will therefore go on with my narrative. I married when I was twenty-nine; she was but a few days younger than I, though my mind, compared with hers, was an infant. I was not specially ambitious. I had a fair degree of ability, but used only a small fraction of it, having no particular aim in life and no real desire to do more than what was necessary to earn a comfortable living. I had physical strength, but my personality was weak and somewhat crude."

"And to think that you now are what you are," exclaimed Mr. Spaulding, "the most refined and highly polished personality I ever saw, and with a personal power that could hold an audience of a million in a breathless spell of adoration and awe. Wonderful! Wonderful! But go on, please go on."

"Immediately after our marriage I began to see what could be done to restore my wife to perfect health. But there seemed to be nothing that could be done. She had tried everything; that is, she thought she had, all to no effect. I therefore began to feel more and more that there was no help, and was almost on the verge of reconciling myself to her pitiful condition. Then something happened. During the first year of our marriage her condition remained unchanged; she got neither better nor worse; but at the beginning of the second year she began to get worse. And that was the beginning of the change. I began to realize that I might lose her; and as I thought of what such a loss might mean to me I began to look at her in a manner that

I had not been conscious of before. Gradually it dawned upon me that I had a most precious jewel. I had always thought of her as an extraordinary woman, but now I began to see that she could possibly not have an equal anywhere in the world. And should such a woman die? I declared, 'No! a million times no!' and for the first time my soul was really alive. There were two things to be done. I must find something to make her well, and I must do something to get a better position, so that her needs could be properly provided for. I then had two ambitions, two ruling desires, while previous to that I had none."

"There is where the power of persistent desire began its work, did it not?" inquired Mr. Reardon.

"Yes, there is where it began; and from that moment those two desires—the desire to find something to make her well and the desire to secure a better position for myself—became stronger and stronger until they seemed to dominate every thought, every action, and the very life of every atom in my being. Hundreds of times every day I would say to myself: 'I must find something to make her well,' 'there must be a way, and I am determined to find it.' I would express myself in a similar manner concerning a better position, and I discovered that the more I thought of realizing those two desires, the more power and persistence they seemed to gain. This would increase my faith in myself, and it was not many weeks before I began to believe that I actually would find what I sought. In about four months my expectations were realized. One evening I purchased a paper having the opposite political complexion to the one I was accustomed to read. That was something I had not done in several years. Why I should buy that paper that evening I shall not venture to explain; though I have an idea; we may discuss that some other time; but I bought that paper, and it contained what I wanted to know. I put it in my pocket, and when I reached home I gave it to my wife, not having read a word in it myself. She opened it and turned at once to the editorial page, something she had never done before, it being her custom invariably to begin with the first page and read right on to the last. The first thing she saw was a small paragraph, down in the lower right-hand corner, and the title was 'A Remarkable Cure.' The paragraph went on to say that a certain woman had been cured by the use of a strange power awakened in her own system. It gave the name and address of the woman and a few general, unintelligible statements concerning that power. That was all. But I lost no time. Within twenty minutes I was having an interview with that woman. She told me that it was the 'Janos Philosophy' that had made her well, and gave me the address of that remarkable man."

"But if that doesn't sound mysterious from beginning to end," exclaimed Mr. Spaulding; "but I must admit that it is fascinating beyond anything I ever heard."

"Yes, it sounds mysterious; but it happened; and it was the means through which the power of my persistent desire realized its object in view. Besides, hundreds of such events are taking place in every community every day; and when we stop to think about them we find

that they are not any more mysterious than the fact that you can hear the sound of my voice."

"You are right, Mr. Whiting. Everything is mysterious; and from a certain point of view everything is weird. Though it is also a fact that the more mysterious a thing seems to be at first sight, the simpler it becomes when we understand it. The answer being, I suppose, that such things lie closer to first principles, and those first principles, the foundation of things, are naturally the very essence of simplicity."

"That explains it perfectly, Mr. Spaulding; and I cannot tell you how happy I am to know that your mind also finds delight in going down to rock bottom."

"Yes, I think I have some real ideas, not counterfeits or cheap imitations; but I have not learned how to turn them all to practical use. There is where you have succeeded so admirably, Mr. Whiting; and if you are through with your preliminary narrative, I wish to ask you how you began to apply that new philosophy. What did you do first, second, third, fourth, and so on?"

"Yes, I am through with the first chapter of my narrative, except to add that Mrs. Whiting and myself began the very next day to study the 'Janos Philosophy.' She began to improve in health from the very beginning, and was entirely well in less than five months. A few weeks later I secured a new position with twice the salary I received before. That was three years and a half ago. What has happened since would fill a book."

"And it would read like the most fascinating of fiction, I am sure," said Mr. Reardon.

"Yes, it would to me, because I know that it is all true; and the nearer you get to truth the easier it is to outdo fiction, both as to mysteriousness and fascination. But you are waiting, Mr. Spaulding, for an answer to your question."

"Yes, I am waiting with measured breath, and I shall be more deeply interested in your answer than anything I have ever heard. My reason is that the ideas back of your answer have produced such extraordinary results; and with me it is results that count."

"There were several things," continued Mr. Whiting, "that I undertook to do first; and one of them was to train myself to be strong and quiet on the inner side of my personality."

"And what do you mean by the inner side?"

"Everything that is not on the surface. The actual and vital contents of your system, both personal and mental. Or, everything that you feel in your nature when you feel deeply."

"I understand; but what was your object in doing this, and how did you proceed?"

"I tried to combine the feeling of all the strength I could realize with the feeling of the deepest calm I could realize. The object was to gain personal power, and to gain perfect control over that power."

"Is this the only method you have employed in building up your personal power to such an astonishing degree?"

"What personal power I have I have gained principally through this method."

"In that case it needs no further recommendation. Because, when it comes to personal power, both in quantity and in quality, you tower mountains above anyone I ever saw. Mr. Whiting, every movement you make is a movement of authority and power. Your very attitude is a command; and when you speak there is something in your tone that makes me feel as if it were not only a sacred duty but a great privilege to obey. And yet, you do not seem to make the slightest effort to influence or control anybody."

"That is the truth, Mr. Spaulding. I never try to control anybody; I would lose my power if I should; I simply control myself. And this comes naturally when the art of being strong and calm at the same time is constantly cultivated."

"But how do you proceed to combine those two attitudes? Is there any special easy method?"

"There is no special method, to my knowledge. And I never found it necessary to inquire about such a method. I secured the results I desired by simply beginning, as far as I could, to be quiet and strong in my deeper feelings, and then continuing as I had begun."

"Is that all there is to it?"

"Practically so. I made it a point to feel strong and quiet constantly, and to feel the combined actions of those two feelings as deeply as possible. I try to live in an attitude that combines calmness and strength; I try to do all my work in that attitude, and several times a day I give a few moments to the further cultivation of that attitude. Continued efforts in trying to feel very strong and deeply quiet at the same time will train the system to build up that attitude. Then it becomes second nature, an acquired state, a newly developed power."

"I is a matter of making up your mind what you want to do, and then making up your mind to continue to do what you originally made up your mind to do."

"You have stated the simple fact, Mr. Spaulding, both wisely and well."

"Yes, it is quite clear to me, and I can readily understand how this attitude could be cultivated to such a degree that its possibilities would be nothing less than marvelous. But what were the other things, Mr. Whiting, that you undertook to do first?"

"I began to build up my ambition for what I wanted to accomplish in life. And I selected that ambition that produced the deepest impression upon my mind and the keenest delight in my heart when I thought of it. Though I did not make my choice until I had turned the matter over in my mind, consciously and subconsciously, for several weeks."

"And what was your choice, Mr. Whiting?"

"To become the manager of a great concern; to guide men—not to control men—but to guide men in their work. And every position

I have held since I began to advance has given me the privilege to exercise this ambition."

"But how do you account for the fact that your ability to carry out this ambition has steadily developed? Is there some other method through which this has been done?"

"When you become more and more ambitious to do a certain thing, the force of that ambition will steadily increase the power and the working capacity of those faculties that are naturally called into action as you proceed to carry out that ambition."

"I understand. If I should become more and more ambitious to become a great musician, the force of that ambition would tend to develop the musical faculties."

"Precisely; but results would depend largely upon how well you had cultivated the deeply calm attitude. The greatest forces in the universe move in absolute stillness, and it is only the force that is still that has the power to build."

"Your ideas are most excellent, Mr. Whiting. You certainly have the rock bottom of things as your foundation. But kindly proceed."

"The power of persistent desire was the third factor that I began to employ at the very beginning; and with this I combined the attitude of positive expectation. I would desire constantly and persistently whatever I wanted; then I would expect to receive what I wanted. But my expectation was never passive; it was always active in the fullest and most positive sense. Another important factor was what I am pleased to call constructive optimism."

"That's new, but it has the right ring. Kindly explain it, won't you please?"

"The constructive optimist incessantly declares that everything is coming out all right, and is constantly at work with might and main to make his prediction come true."

"Splendid, indeed. If that is optimism, then I am every inch an optimist. And I can readily understand that such an optimism would have the same effect upon a man's career as a propeller would have upon a ship. As long as that optimism was in action the movement would be forward regardless of the waves and the storm."

"Yes, that is the truth in every instance, and there are no exceptions whatever. But now, Mr. Spaulding, I am going to sum up those several things that I undertook to do first. So if you have further questions, kindly get them ready. My final step in this first movement toward better things was to become an uncompromising idealist. I began to use all the forces of thought and imagination in working up to my ideal, and I began to train all my faculties to focus their activities upon that goal I had in view; and I am now convinced that every element in my being is working for me, working with me, helping me to press on and on toward everything that I am determined to reach."

"That is the greatest secret of all, is it not, Mr. Whiting?"

"Which might be the greatest is difficult to say, because they are

all necessary; but one thing is certain, when everything that is in you is working for the same purpose that you are working for, that purpose will be fulfilled. When all of you is with you, no obstacle is great enough to stand in your way."

"The more you say, Mr. Whiting, the more convinced I become that you have the kernel, the very thing we all want. Your ideas are as sound as the principles of mathematics, and it is my conviction that those ideas will solve all our problems when we begin to apply them as you are doing. I could ask you a thousand questions this minute, but I shall not take up any more of your time just now. You have said many times as much as would have been necessary to convince me of your fitness for a certain important position, that I shall now take the pleasure to offer you, and I am fully satisfied that you can fill that position with greater efficiency than any other man that could be found."

"Mr. Spaulding, your kindness is great indeed, and I assure you that a kindness shown to me is never forgotten."

"I believe everything you say, Mr. Whiting, and now I am going to tell you what this interview has been all about. One of my best friends is president of a large manufacturing concern in this city. For certain reasons, the details of which we shall not discuss just now, the manager resigned. There are several men under consideration for the vacancy, but they are hardly big enough for the place. My friend telephoned to me this morning, and asked my assistance in finding a good man, and he said that they would accept without further question any man that I might recommend. And I thought of you, Mr. Whiting, at once. Though I knew nothing about you this morning, except what I saw and heard of you while you were in here yesterday, still I resolved that I would investigate your fitness for the place before I even thought of anyone else. Now I know enough about you to give you a stronger recommendation than I could give to any other man I ever knew. That position is for you, Mr. Whiting, and I shall be happy indeed if you will accept it. There are over six thousand men employed in the main factory, and there are nearly half as many more in the branch factories. All of these would come under your supervision. The salary is \$40,000 a year."

"Mr. Spaulding, words cannot thank you for this, but actions speak more eloquently than words. And my actions will speak just exactly as I feel. I will accept the position, and may the day come quickly when I shall have the opportunity to return the favor."

The three men parted, all going to their respective duties, and all realizing that big things had happened there that day, as expected. They were all happy, supremely so; to each one of them the future looked brighter than ever before; they felt equal to anything now; and it was well, for little did they dream what another week would bring forth.

VIII

All was happiness and good cheer at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Whiting. It was Wednesday evening. The evening Mildred Kirkwood had waited for; the evening Emory Warren had waited for; the evening Melville Reardon had waited for; they all expected to hear something that evening that would make life's pathway more rosy. They knew they would not be disappointed in this respect, and, therefore, they had looked forward to this special event with more than usual pleasure. What had been accomplished in this exceptional home was not a secret; what was to be said there that evening would not be theory. And these three young people, though they were far superior to the many in some ways, were quite similar to the many in other ways. Accordingly they came with expectant souls, attentive minds and open hearts, for all the world is ready to listen when they who have had results begin to speak. When we can truthfully say, "One thing I know, that, whereas, I was blind, now I see," the majority are willing, yes, and anxious, to come almost any distance to learn how it was done.

The last one to arrive was Emory Warren; possibly because he expected the least; he seldom expected anything, and usually received less. He knew, however, what Mrs. Whiting had accomplished in gaining health, happiness and almost unmatched loveliness, and he had read a few days before about Mr. Whiting entering upon the duties of his new position; he was therefore half convinced that those people knew something worth while, and he had permitted a gentle ray of hope to dispel some of the dark clouds of pessimism from his own mind. In fact, he was on the verge of being converted before he came, though his left hand was holding fast to his preconceived views with an iron grip, while his right hand was aimlessly groping in the world of uncertainty for something better.

"You are indeed to be congratulated, Mr. Whiting, for the great good fortune that has come to you," Emory Warren began, as all formalities had been dispensed with, and everybody was comfortably seated in one of the most delightful home atmosphere in the world. "You were surely in luck to get that place," he continued, "if there is such a thing."

"No," replied Mr. Whiting, "there is no such thing as luck. That word can only be employed as a synonym for good fortune that has come through enterprise and merit."

"But how do you then account for the good fortune that comes to those who have neither enterprise nor merit?" inquired Mr. Warren.

"In the first place, such a fortune can hardly be designated as good; and it can come only through one of two channels, heredity or illegitimate gain. With the latter we want nothing to do, and with the former we are not concerned, because we are here to make our own way regardless of what was done by those who went before."

"Yes, that is sound doctrine as far as it goes; it does not explain, however, how you happened to be singled out for that lucrative position."

"Kindly permit me to say a word in that connection," interrupted Mr. Reardon. "I happen to know the circumstances. Mr. Spaulding was so deeply impressed with Mr. Whiting that when he learned of that vacancy he refused to consider anyone else until he had investigated the fitness of Mr. Whiting thoroughly. But why was he impressed? What is there in Mr. Whiting that produced such an indelible impression upon the mind of Mr. Spaulding? We may not be able to clearly define that something; but Mr. Whiting has it, and it took him four years of the most rigid discipline to get it. But it was discipline along lines that finally must produce results."

"You have only answered my question in part," replied Mr. Warren, rather skeptically. "You have failed to say how Mr. Whiting happened to come in personal contact with that opportunity. There are plenty of able men in the world, but there are very few of them that ever have a fair chance."

"That is a very large subject," Mr. Whiting began, as his countenance gave expression to that comfortable satisfaction that knows the answer even before the question is placed. "But if we take the time, I can convince you," he continued in that deep, masterful tone that invariably inspired breathless attention in everybody, "that those men of ability who never have a fair chance have no one but themselves to blame. They may have ability, but they fail to produce a channel for that ability."

"Sound doctrine again, as far as you go; but how can a man produce a channel for his ability when he never gets an opportunity to do so?"

"Call for opportunity, loud and long, and it will finally come. No person ever failed to get the opportunity he desired, but the majority failed to 'make good' when the opportunity arrives. Point out to me a single worthy man who never had an opportunity, and I will point out to you a thousand men who have scores of opportunities every day, but they are unable to comply with requirements. They have only desired the opportunity; they have not desired that power in themselves that can produce results in the workshop of opportunity. Opportunity is constantly knocking at every man's door; but she is not simply calling for men; she is calling for men who are competent to do what she needs must have done."

"That reminds me of a certain young girl," Mrs. Whiting began, smiling with the radiant sweetness of a sunbeam. "This girl fell in love with an admirable young man, and he fell in love with her. He was by far the finest young man she had ever met, and he confessed later that he would have married her without fail had she not spoiled it all. She was very bright, very sweet and in every way a splendid woman. She was very much interested in her lover, but she was not interested in his work, his life, his ambitions, his dreams. At any rate, she made no attempt to enter into that greater world of achievement that he was trying to conquer; in that world he was alone; but he would not have been alone if she had given an occasional word of sympathy, appreciation or encouragement, or had asked questions at

times about those greater things to which he had devoted his life and power. She had an opportunity; the one opportunity she had been praying for all her life; but when it came she was found wanting."

"Now, Mrs. Whiting, you are touching upon a delicate subject," ventured Miss Kirkwood, her quiet, modest way tintured with an undercurrent of enthusiasm. "And I must confess," she added, as her face reddened quite a little more than was comfortable, "that it is a subject in which I am deeply interested."

"You would not be a real girl if you were not," smiled Mrs. Whiting. "But there must be a deficiency somewhere in your interest, or you would have been married long ago. Superior girls like yourself need not be single, have no right to be single."

"Thank you, Mrs. Whiting, for your lofty estimation of me, but I am sure I don't know what the matter can be. If you know, my gratitude to you shall be both limitless and endless if you will tell me."

"Yes, I do know, and I invited you here specially tonight so I might have the opportunity to tell you."

"And before these men?"

"Yes, because Mr. Reardon and Mr. Warren are just as much in need of this information as you are."

"Very well then, Mrs. Whiting, go on and tell me what is wrong."

"In the first place, you don't want to get married."

"Why, Mrs. Whiting, it has been the dearest wish of my heart ever since I was a little girl."

"It might have been a very dear wish, but I dare say, Mildred, it was never a very strong wish."

"No, you are quite right there."

"It never stirred your soul, did it?"

"No, I think not."

"It was very sweet, but so weak. Just a pretty dream with just enough life to keep alive. Just a passing fancy without sufficient force even to rustle a tiny leaf. Am I right, Mildred?"

"You certainly are, Mrs. Whiting."

"Then you cannot truthfully say that you want to get married. When you want to do a thing you will not merely dream sweetly; you will be up and bestir yourself; every atom in your being will be alive, ready for action, and your soul will be on fire with the resolute power of your desire."

"And do you mean," Mr. Warren inquired, "that a girl must turn loose a sort of sledgehammer force and become a strenuous hustler if she wishes to get married?"

"Not in the least," Mrs. Whiting continued, laughingly. "No crude force and no crude methods must be employed. But when you begin to want to do what you want to do, you are placing in action one of the strongest and one of the most highly refined forces in existence."

"Yes, I see your idea there, Mrs. Whiting, and I agree with you;

but how is a person to proceed in the wanting of a thing so that it will be a real want and not merely a passive wish?"

"When you want a thing you want it with all that is in you, and you want it every minute. Every thought you think calls for that one thing, and every feeling in your life is a heart-felt desire for that one thing."

"Do you believe," Mr. Reardon, inquired, "that a person will finally get what he wants providing his wants are deep, strong and continuous in the sense that you imply?"

"I positively do," Mrs. Whiting replied, as her eyes flashed with the light of convincing emphasis.

"Then will you kindly explain to me why a number of people continue to want things all their lives but never get them?"

"Yes, they seem to want certain things all their lives, but for how many seconds at a time? And how much life, soul, spirit, real action is there in their wants while they last? Those people may think of their wants in a half-hearted way for several minutes, and then for several hours their minds will drift aimlessly among all the wishes and desires in creation."

"Mrs. Whiting, I am beginning to think that you know exactly what you are talking about," said Mr. Warren, his tone verging dangerously on the borderland of optimistic enthusiasm. "There is one thing, however, that is not clear. How is it possible that the act of your wanting a thing will enable you to get it? It seems to me as if it were a mysterious process, and I refuse to associate with mysteries."

"There is nothing mysterious about it. Just do it, and keep at it. Then you will see how nicely it works. And my explanation is that when you really want to do a certain thing, you cause all the elements in your being to work toward that certain thing. You build yourself up after the likeness of the thing you want; you begin to comply more and more with the requirements of the thing you want, and naturally you will soon have what you want. The best wants the best. Make yourself equal to the best and you will get the best. And also, the best attracts the best; therefore, make yourself like the best, and you will be drawn into the world of the best."

"Suppose two people should want the same thing, what would happen then?"

"One of these days, Mr. Warren, you will be just as efficient in answering abstruse questions as you now are in asking them," said Mrs. Whiting, as she faced him squarely, and almost melted every pessimistic icicle out of his soul with the glowing warmth of her beaming countenance. "But when you begin to want a thing every minute, and with all there is in you," she continued, with a convincing ring in her voice, "you will either get what you want, or something better. The energetic, alive, thorough-going optimist will not have to take something 'just as good.' If the place he worked for is already occupied, he will be asked to choose from vacancies higher up. You know, there are always vacancies higher up."

"True, indeed," said Mr. Reardon, "and men are not nearly so

anxious to find those places higher up as those places are to find men."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Whiting, meditatively; "the higher up you go the louder does the place call for the man, and the fewer are the men within hearing distance."

"That all sounds very pretty," said Mr. Warren, half sarcastically, his skepticism and pessimism beginning to come back on him; "but the fact is that under present systems the doors to those places higher up are locked to the average man."

"That's true," said Mrs. Whiting quickly; "those doors are locked to everybody; but there is not a person alive that does not possess the key."

"Very pretty again, though the fact remains that, under present systems, the majority are not permitted to come close enough to those doors to use the key."

"Then, how do you account for the fact that a number do come close enough to those doors regardless of present systems?"

"There are several reasons."

"No, I beg to differ with you. On the surface there may seem to be several reasons, but in reality there is only one. Those who succeed do so by becoming greater than any system, greater than any circumstance, greater than any condition or environment. They do not depend upon systems; they depend upon their own power to turn all systems and all circumstances to good account."

"That is all very well for the masterful few, Mrs. Whiting, but it does not solve the problem for the many. The lives of the masses cannot change for the better until their environments are made better."

"And who produces environment? Can you point out to me a single form of environment, aside from natural environment, that has not been produced by man? You cannot; no one can. You may philosophize on this subject to the end of time; you may offer to explain everything, and then proceed to explain your explanations; but the fact remains that environment is nothing more than effect, and man is the sole cause. Man is the creator; in his hands all other things constitute plastic clay."

"Very good, Mrs. Whiting, very good, indeed; thus far I agree with you perfectly; there is another side to the subject, however. We all know that man is, in turn, affected by his environment, and it is admitted by close students of all schools that the masses are almost entirely controlled by their environment, not only morally, but mentally and physically, as well."

"You are right, Mr. Warren; I agree with you fully, and I am convinced that when we have exchanged views on all these great subjects, we shall differ on but few things, if any. And I am very glad that you mentioned the other side. There is where the secret lies. Man creates his own environment, and then, in turn, is affected by that environment; but he need not be controlled by the way he is thus affected, because he has the power to determine, each case,

what that effect is to be. No external thing can affect man unless it first produces its impression upon his mind. But man can sufficiently control his mind to exclude impressions that are not wanted. There are some things in every man's environment that will produce effects, but there are also some things in his environment, no matter how lowly or adverse it may be, that are beneficial. By denying undesirable environments the privilege to impress his mind, and by admitting impressions from everything that is beneficial in his environment, he will be affected only by the beneficial. Accordingly, he will steadily build himself up, and will work himself out of that which he does not want into that which he does want. His circumstances will become his servants, because, so long as he guards the portals of his mind, they have the power to do only that which he desires to have done."

"You have given me something new to think about," Mr. Warren replied, slowly and thoughtfully. "I shall have to reconstruct my views completely now. But I think I see in your ideas the germ of a system of thought and action that will solve everything for everybody. Given that system, it is 'up to them' to use it as they like, and get out of it what they want. And I can readily see that any man could, through such a system, have all his wants and desires supplied."

They were all silent for a few moments, when Mr. Warren, realizing the full value of this new idea he had received, rose to his feet and stepped quickly toward Mrs. Whiting. "Thank you," he said, his face beaming with unspeakable joy and gratitude, as he extended to her his hand. "You have made me a new man, and through me you shall make new the lives of a million. I have something to live for now, and I shall live for it with all the power of body, mind and soul. Thank God for this evening; no one knows what it means to me; no one knows what it shall mean to great multitudes; but time will tell it all. I cannot now. I wish I could, so that I might express my gratitude in words as I feel it in my soul. But when a life is completely transformed, who can find words to describe the glory, the beauty and the meaning of it all?"

"We all understand," Mrs. Whiting replied, gently and sweetly. "We all understand. And we rejoice for the million infinitely more than tongue can tell. We know what you are going to do, and we know that you will carry out your great purpose far beyond your most lofty expectations."

"Thank you again, Mrs. Whiting, and then again and again without end; that is all that I can say. And now I must go. I must be alone. I must think. I want to be still with my soul and my God. I feel that I must. So kindly excuse me. I know you will all understand."

The sudden and somewhat solemn departure of Emory Warren produced an atmosphere that was hardly conducive to the immediate resumption of a subject that Miss Kirkwood imagined might seem trivial under the circumstances. But she was determined to be told all that had been promised, and therefore after about fifteen minutes

of general conversation she decided to arouse sufficient courage to present her case once more.

"You said you knew what was wrong with me, Mrs. Whiting," she began, shyly; "did you say all that you intended to say?"

"No, I simply said, 'in the first place.' That expression would naturally infer that there was something more to be said. And there is."

"Oh, but I should be so happy to hear the rest."

"And I did not intend to let you go until I had told you the rest."

"That is one of her admirable virtues," interrupted Mr. Whiting. "She never fails to do what she makes up her mind to do."

"That may be the reason why she never fails," said Mr. Reardon.

"You are right," Mr. Whiting replied promptly. "And you have touched there upon a most remarkable subject."

"Won't you tell us something about it, please," asked Miss Kirkwood. "I never seem to be able to make up my mind properly, and I know it is very important."

"It is very important, because when you make up your mind to do a certain thing you set all your faculties to work to find a way to do it. And they always succeed, providing the mind continues in its original purpose."

"Another great secret unveiled," exclaimed Mr. Reardon, as he sprang from his chair and shook Mr. Whiting's hand vigorously. "Well, I wonder what is coming next."

"Oh, everything," said Miss Kirkwood, softly, with a prophetic ring in her voice.

"Yes, I know that," replied Mr. Reardon; "but it would be so interesting to know what is going to come in the meantime."

"What is wrong with me, for one thing," she said demurely.

"Yes, and now I am going to tell you," Mrs. Whiting continued. "In the second place, you do not give yourself a fair chance. You hide your best qualities. You live in a passive, negative state, and do not give expression to the richness that is in you. To the general observer you appear to be just average, but to those who can see through more superficial appearance, you prove yourself to be a jewel of the first rank. As you appear now, very few men would be attracted to you; but by making a few slight changes in your attitude you would attract the admiration of the finest men in the world."

"But that is too good to be true," declared Miss Kirkwood, trying to appear as delighted as she felt, in spite of the fact that her face was on the verge of burning up.

"Nothing is too good to be true," replied Mrs. Whiting, emphatically. "All that is true is good, and all that is good is true."

"That is indeed a beautiful thought. But what are those slight changes?"

"Begin with your smile. Make your smile sweetly expressive. A passive smile may arouse a slight degree of admiration, but a positive smile is invariably fascinating. Any woman can, by training herself to express through her smile all the sweetness that is in her nature,

become so fascinating that she will be simply irresistible. You understand what I mean, of course?"

"Yes, Mrs. Whiting, I do. That is something that I think every woman understands. But not every woman knows the difference between the smile that fascinates and the one that does not. But now that I know, I shall proceed at once to cultivate the former. And I thank you so much. I am going to act upon your advice in every respect; and now watch me get the best man in the world."

"And when you have succeeded," interrupted Mr. Reardon, "offer the recipe for sale, and you will be a millionaire in less than a year."

"No, indeed," she declared emphatically, as she rose to say good-night; "the recipe shall be free to every girl in the world."

IX

It was nearly twelve o'clock when Melville Reardon said good-night to the girl with the golden hair. The Friday evening at the home of Mrs. Arnold had come and gone, but the real effect of this event was just beginning. The evening had been pleasant in many ways, but in one way, at least, it had been disappointing. The disappointment, however, did not dawn upon the mind of Mr. Reardon until he was out on the street on the way to his own home. He had several blocks to walk before he could get the car he wanted, and as he walked on slowly he began to reflect.

According to his judgment, when he was alone, Elviria Cameron was very sweet and pretty, and almost charming, though not quite. Her personality was attractive, her hair could not have been more beautiful, and her deep blue eyes had that mellow, liquid expression that most men admire so much. Her mouth could not be easily improved upon, and her face as a whole was all that a particular man could wish as far as form and complexion were concerned. But there was one thing lacking, and that one thing was the most important of all.

She was not crude; no, not in any form or manner; but she did not possess the slightest degree of that indescribable something in a fine woman that he usually spoke of as a high polish. And he had always said that he could not be satisfied with a girl that did not possess that special quality. The elements of her being did not seem to contain that richer fineness that he thought the true feminine personality should possess, and there was a certain hollowness in her voice that revealed unmistakably the lack of culture. But she was good company, and made every effort to be pleasing and entertaining; she had said nothing, however, that was of particular interest, a fact which had strangely escaped his mind until now when he was alone.

From the very moment he first saw her he had felt himself falling in love with her, and as he was saying good-night that evening in the hallway of her own home, he had asked her if he might have the

pleasure to call. He had told Mrs. Arnold he intended to do this, but after leaving the genial atmosphere of that impressive personality he had partly changed his mind. It seemed that he thought more of Miss Cameron when they were with Mrs. Arnold than when they were alone. Nevertheless, at the last moment he had asked to call, and had even stated definitely what evening he might be expected. He had given no thought to the possible outcome of such a course, and he had been strangely unconscious of the fact that this golden-haired maiden did not correspond in the least with the "one woman of his dreams."

To make these two young people appear as interesting to each other as possible, had been the special effort of Mrs. Arnold from the moment they met to the time they left her home together. She aimed to so direct the conversation that she might draw out the best from Mr. Reardon's brilliant intellect and at the same time inspire Miss Cameron to say everything that a sweet young girl should say. She tried in every way, without seeming to do so, to impress upon the mind of Mr. Reardon that Miss Cameron was one of the rarest of jewels, and she tried in the same way to impress upon the mind of Miss Cameron that Mr. Reardon was a man that had few equals, if any. To make these two look at each other in the most favorable manner was her object, and she succeeded. She would vacate the room, on some pretense or other, for a few moments, at frequent intervals during the evening, and when the couple was getting ready to leave she found ways and means to say something encouraging to each of them without the knowledge of the other.

"Now you must make arrangements to call and see Miss Cameron," she said to Mr. Reardon while the young woman was in another part of the house. "But she is a rare jewel," she continued, "one of the most splendid girls that ever was. You have an opportunity there. See that you embrace it at once, metaphorically first, and literally later," she concluded in a tone that spoke much between the lines.

"Don't let him slip out of your hands," she said to Miss Cameron, as she managed to arrange an "aside." "He is too good to lose. Treat him nicely and well now. Be just as sweet to him as you can, and make yourself just as attractive and interesting as possible. He is certainly a man worth having, my dear girl. You will never meet anyone who can compare with him in brilliancy, character and real, manly worth. This has been a lucky night for you. Now see that you take full advantage of the opportunity."

The young people had acted upon these impressions and seemingly well-meant suggestions without knowing the reason why; and for the time being they were in love; at least, they imagined they were, and had made arrangements accordingly to continue as they had begun.

Coming to the corner where he was to get his car, Mr. Reardon took a hasty glance at his surroundings. He was now in a different part of the city, a section with which he was not familiar, and as he expected to wait for a car many, many times at that corner henceforth, he decided to look around and become acquainted. And in

doing so he saw a party of young people coming directly to where he was standing. They were all gaily dressed, and evidently in a similar frame of mind, judging from the tone of their conversation. They passed him, but stopped a few yards further on, and he guessed that they were looking for the same car. He noticed there were four young ladies and three men, and he thought he recognized one of the men. The recognition proved mutual, for the man in question approached him at once.

"Why, hello, Reardon!" he said. "You remember me, do you not?"

"Yes, I do, most surely; you were in Mr. Spaulding's office a few days ago," replied Mr. Reardon.

"That's right, and while I was there Mr. Spaulding told me you were the most ambitious young man he had ever known. I happened to mention that fact to our party tonight and one of the girls expressed an intense desire to meet you. And here you are; what good luck for her—and for you. She is none other than Miss Lillian Strong, a fine girl, somewhere between thirty and thirty-five, not very handsome, but worth two million, all in her own right. She just adores young men with enormous ambition, and since you are said to be the chief of that tribe, you have the first chance. Come along, be introduced."

Melville Reardon obeyed, though somewhat reluctantly. He was not exactly timid, but—he, a minor clerk, working for a small salary and very plainly attired, to meet a fashionable young woman having possibly a small fortune invested in her present raiment—the idea disturbed him for a moment. All shyness disappeared, however, at once he was introduced, for she placed him at perfect ease by engaging his attention in a most interesting conversation.

When the street car they had all been waiting for finally arrived, Miss Strong arranged very politely and very tactfully to have Mr. Reardon occupy the same seat with her. And she thus gave herself the opportunity to continue her conversation in the same interesting manner. Mr. Reardon saw at once that she was a very bright girl, well bred, highly cultured, and fully familiar with the best that was going on in the world. But he was not attracted to her personality. She had refinement, intellect, character, polish, and most charming manners, but her personality was decidedly unattractive. How unfortunate, he thought. He did so admire a pleasing personality in a woman. But then, he suddenly concluded, if she had been a woman of fine personality, she would have been married ten years ago. So there was neither gain nor consolation for him either way. She was a splendid woman, however; that was evident, and he inwardly felt a strong desire to know her better.

As she discovered that she was nearing her destination, she finally said, "I have learned that you are tremendously ambitious, and I do so admire ambition in a man."

"That is too true," Mr. Reardon replied, as he blushed like a girl. "I have more ambition than I can properly care for."

"But I should so love to have you tell me about it," she said, as she looked at him in such a sweet, appealing manner.

"And I should be most happy to tell you everything that could be told about it," he replied, not knowing why he seemed so willing to comply with her wishes, and being utterly unconscious of the fact that he had never told those secrets to anyone, and had vowed not to do so while he was single.

"But how can my wish be granted?" she asked, in the same irresistible manner.

"There is only one way," he ventured, feeling himself becoming nervous, "and that is for me to ask for the pleasure to call."

"And the pleasure will not be yours alone," she replied, in a tone that revealed genuine delight. "When can you come?" she added, as her dark eyes sparkled with the thrill of joyous expectation.

"Sunday evening, if that may comply with your best convenience," he replied, though hardly being aware at the time of the "why," "where" or "when" of anything.

"You cannot come too soon," she said, her manner seemingly becoming sweeter and more irresistible than ever. "And I shall wait for Sunday evening with a joy that will be unusual, indeed."

A few moments later Mr. Reardon said good-night to the heiress, and as he said so there was a feeling in his heart that was dangerously on the verge of something more than mere admiration.

When he reached his own simple, unattractive room, his thoughts were not as pleasing as he could wish. How few things he had that he wanted, and within forty-eight hours he would be the guest at the mansion of a woman that had everything. What a contrast! And why that contrast? Life is certainly strange, he thought, when suddenly he discovered himself on the brink of a sigh. But he refused at once to enter its depths, because he had vowed a few days before never to feel depressed or worried again in his life.

He retired and tried to sleep, but it was nearly dawn before he succeeded. And when he woke up he found that he would be at least two hours late at the office. This, however, did not disturb him, as he had never been late before; besides, he had frequently remained two or three hours after the time to close.

On his way to the business section of the city, he found it difficult, for some unknown reason, to feel cheerful. There seemed to be a cloud hanging over him, or something in the air that was bent on impressing gloom upon every feeling in his soul. But he succeeded, by the force of his will and the constant attention to his recent resolution, in keeping this darkness on the outside. Nevertheless, it was there, pressing for admission, and the fact did not please him in the least.

When he arrived at his work he went at once to the private office of Mr. Spaulding, so as to give an excuse for his tardiness, but to his amazement he found that man walking the floor in unspeakable mental agony.

"Don't ask me anything, don't offer any sympathy or hope or

consolation," Mr. Spaulding cried, in a tone of anguish and bitterness. "The bubble has burst at last. I tried my best to prevent it, but in vain. It would have happened anyway, sooner or later; it was an end that was inevitable. But to get through with it—that is what I—"

Mr. Reardon was actually stunned with pained astonishment, and almost stared at Mr. Spaulding, being in total darkness as to the real meaning of the situation.

"You knew that part of this business was speculation, did you not?" he began again, as he stopped for a moment and looked Mr. Reardon fiercely in the eye.

"Yes, but—"

"Don't say anything," interrupted Mr. Spaulding. "There is nothing to say. I have lost everything—everything. Part of my business was legitimate; the rest was questionable. The questionable won the day, as it always will, just as surely as one decayed apple will finally spoil all the others."

"I can stand it," he continued, in a half-defiant tone. "That's not it—but—it's Adeline—that's what makes me feel—no, I can never say how I feel—but what will Adeline think—what will she say—what will she do—if I could only spare her what—"

"Oh, but the misery I have brought upon her," he groaned. "What will life be to her now—her future as black as the blackest night—but I knew it would end this way—what will she think now—nothing has ever disturbed her before—but now—it is different now. She has lived in luxury all her life—she has had everything—what will she say now that she has nothing—how can I tell her—where can I find the strength to do it—I could do anything but that—no, I can't wait—I must go and tell her now—but the suspense—. Yes, I must go to Adeline at once—I shall be back shortly—but what will she think—what will she do—the dark night I have given to you—Adeline—how can I ever tell you—how—"

For several minutes after Mr. Spaulding's heart-rending departure, Mr. Reardon was motionless and speechless; even his mind refused to act. During the past few days he had frequently asked, "What is coming next?" and this was the first thought that aroused his mind now. Then his mind drifted to that sweet, innocent girl, and what she was presently to learn. What would she think? And what would her future be now? As he thought of it he felt himself going farther and farther out on the brink of the dark abyss of gloom, but before his mind could take this bitter descent, he audibly declared, "No!" Whatever happened he would not give up to despair. He would conquer despair, even though he failed in all else. But he was determined not to fail in anything. If he could only give Adeline some of the strength and determination he was now beginning to feel. But possibly she would have no need of assistance. Could that be true? Would she be stronger than this, even this? And what would she tell her father? She would tell him something. What would it be? What would he not give could he know. Yes, and a strange desire to know began to creep over him—a desire that he found almost impossible

to control. But he would have to control it somehow, and he went to his desk to see what he could do to occupy his mind.

And there was another surprise—this time a most pleasant surprise—a letter from Cyril Janos. He opened it quickly and to his supreme delight found these words: "You have asked me much. Come any evening after tonight and I will tell you everything." He clasped the letter in his hand as if it were some long lost treasure of priceless value, and before he could think, he spoke aloud, "What is coming next?"

X

It was nearly eleven o'clock in the morning when Richard Spaulding came home to tell his daughter what had happened. On his way to the house he had worked up his will to a point where he thought he could tell her everything and yet be calm. He had also framed in his mind a few statements of hope and consolation with which he meant to make it as easy for Adeline as possible, and assure her that he could find a way to shield her from personal suffering through the loss. He clung tenaciously to what he had resolved to say, and felt equal to the occasion until he entered the door.

But when he saw his daughter, so radiantly happy and so sweetly contented in their luxurious and delightful home, which was theirs no more, his strength failed him. There was no real strength back of his determination and trumped-up resolve; it was only superficial will-power, stimulated temporarily with animal force, and it did not stand the test.

As he entered, and beheld at a glance the riches and glory that were passing, and thought of the misery and want that seemed to follow at his very heels, his mind became dazed and bewildered. He could scarcely frame an intelligent thought, and his heart sank to the very lowest depths of darkness and despair. Without speaking a single word, he literally fell into a chair and began to sob aloud. And so deep was his grief that it was some time before he became conscious of the gentle presence of his Adeline, as she was patiently waiting to learn the trouble, so she might offer peace and rest with her soothing balm. Finally he was able to tell her, in broken sentences, that he had lost everything; but he was struck absolutely speechless for several minutes when this mysterious daughter calmly replied, "No, it is not the truth."

Presently, he declared, almost at the top of his voice, "But it is the truth, and I have suffered an age of torment coming here trying to tell you."

"I know how you feel," she replied, sweetly, as she seated herself on the arm of his chair, and began to soothe his aching head with hands that could almost speak every word in the language of love; "but I wish to say," she added, with a tone that seemed to ring with authority, "your loss is insignificant and does not disturb me in the least."

"Why, what do you mean?" he demanded, his soul on fire with something he could not positively understand.

"Simply this, that I am living in a world that neither poverty nor misfortune can ever touch."

He looked at her in a sad, bewildered manner that was pathetic in the extreme. Had she already lost her mind? Yes, he had feared this from the very moment his misfortune was discovered. What could he say now? He must say something, and he began to try to think. But his efforts were momentarily suspended, for she again began to speak.

"You say you have lost everything. I say you have not. You still have yourself and all that that term may imply. You still have the power that produced what you once possessed. That power can still continue to produce; and if henceforth employed in legitimate channels only, it can produce far more than you ever seemed to possess before. However strong a power may be when used in the wrong, it becomes infinitely stronger when used in the right."

She paused for a moment to note the effect of her remarks, but as he was not ready to reply, she calmly continued.

"When there is a break in the reservoir at the foot of the mountain, the rushing stream may seem to indicate that all supply is being lost. But when we turn our eyes away from the passing calamity and look further toward the source of supply, we change our minds. Beyond lie the mountain peaks of perpetual snow, forever environed in the warmth of the sun. Simply repair the break, and make the entire wall stronger than ever before. It will soon be refilled, even to overflowing."

"Adeline, I do not understand you in the least; explain yourself. I am almost frightened at your conduct. I expected you to break down completely, but instead you act as if nothing had happened. Such conduct is not normal for a woman under the circumstances. There must be something wrong."

"Calm your fear, father," she said, and she said it in a way that made her countenance literally radiate with loving kindness and good sense. And for a moment he seemed to try to do what she said. Seeing this, she gently resumed.

"There is nothing wrong with me whatever. It is natural for the weak to fall down when threatened with adversity. It is natural for the strong to remain untouched and undisturbed in the midst of every adversity."

To this he could not reply, and she presently continued, giving marked emphasis to every word.

"I am stronger than anything that can ever come into my life. And why should I not be? I am not a thing; nor am I a group of things; I am a human being, a living soul."

"Adeline," he implored, tearfully, "how can you be so unconcerned when you know we are penniless?"

"I am not unconcerned," she said; and as he looked into the fathomless depths of her beautiful eyes, he saw she spoke the truth.

"I am as tender as you are," she continued, "and feel far more deeply; but in my world there is always peace, regardless of the storms that may rage about me."

"That does not alter the fact that we are penniless," he replied, in a tone that was almost sarcastic.

But she paid no attention to the tone of his voice. She simply rose to her feet and, giving full expression to all that was tender and beautiful and strong in her nature, her personality assumed an attitude that could have inspired any mind to leave the depths of despair forever. To look at her, and then think of weakness or failure, was to forget that weakness or failure could ever be. And the father did look at this wonderful daughter with an interest that he had never known before. For a moment there was light in his countenance. Noting this, she gently, but firmly resumed.

"He who can be calm, serene and undisturbed when everything has been taken away, has the power to regain everything that has been lost."

As these words were spoken the secret of her strength and faith began to dawn upon his bewildered mind. No, she had not lost her mind. Instead, she had found the full measure of her mind. So much was clear. But what could this fact do for him? Nothing, it seemed, for when he thought of himself, his future became as dark as the blackest night. At last he ventured to ask, "What can I do, Adeline? I came home to give you strength and consolation, but the tables have turned. I am the helpless child. You are the reigning queen of this godless country into which we have suddenly entered."

"Now you can begin again and begin right. You can rebuild upon a firm foundation, and you shall regain everything."

These last words seemed to ring with a power that was more than human, and somehow he could feel these words becoming a part of himself. You shall regain everything, he found himself repeating again and again in his own soul, until the conviction became so deep that nothing seemed more certain in his life. But his senses were not convinced, and turning to Adeline, who had taken a chair near the other end of the room, he anxiously asked, "How do you know that everything will be regained?"

"Because it is in you. Now you will have the opportunity to prove what the real Richard Spaulding can do. What has just happened is the best that could have happened. The sooner the wrong is swept away the better. Now you are free to make the best of yourself. Now you can go and utilize all the riches that your nature may contain. And these riches still remain. Therefore, I say, rejoice. So long as you still have the source of supply, it matters not if you lose some of it today; you can go back for more tomorrow."

"Your views are undoubtedly correct, Adeline, and your words, your attitude, your countenance—everything about you seems to give me peace and courage; but what are we going to do? We have

nothing, absolutely nothing, and we have to leave this beautiful home at once."

The thought of being compelled to take his daughter away from all comforts and luxuries into—he knew not what, brought back the darkness and distress again to his mind; and he found it impossible to suppress his tears. But Adeline, without showing the slightest trace of regret, replied in her usual firm and gentle manner.

"This home is beautiful. That is true. But I am living in a mansion that is ten thousand times more beautiful. It is a home wherein there is always peace and joy; and I want you, father, to come to that home with me now."

"Oh, yes; I will try to go anywhere with you in your imagination; but please be sensible when you deal with sensible facts. We are face to face with a practical problem. I tell you we have to leave this house."

"When we do we will go to one that is better."

"Adeline, you are certainly beyond my comprehension. I am at a loss to know whether to be provoked or inspired by what you say. You may expect to go to a better place than this, but how are you going to do it? Neither of us has a penny."

"When the mind falls down, everything falls down. When the mind goes wrong, everything goes wrong. But when the mind goes right, and continues to move forward, toward the better, everything will come right, and that which is better will surely be realized."

"Adeline, you are simply philosophizing; and I don't blame you for catching at every straw that may be near; but, after all, your philosophy, when face to face with grim facts, will prove to be nothing more but a pretty piece of fancy."

"You may call it so, but it gives me serenity and happiness; that is more than you have secured from your very substantial facts."

"It is the bitter truth, Adeline; nevertheless, pretty dreams do not build mansions; nor do they provide food and attire."

"On the contrary, everything that is worth while in this world is linked to a dream. No man ever accomplished anything without having the product of a dream with which to work."

"True enough, I admit. But what comfort can such thought give to a man when he has lost his money, lost his friends, lost everything, and been humbled to the very lowest place in life?"

"You have not been humbled, father; you are not stepping down; you have simply been given a real opportunity to step higher up. You know when there is something in a man, failure will invariably make him great. And there is something in you. Before you were held up by the mere show and glamour of things; now you will be held up by the power of your own manhood, the supremacy of your own unconquered soul. And as for friends, please remember that when the lesser departs, the greater comes in. Now we shall have real friends—friends that love us for what we are, instead of pretended friends, that love us for what we possess. And what a

difference it will be. Oh, how I rejoice at the thought of that difference."

For a few moments Mr. Spaulding was silent. He realized that his daughter was too strong to be moved by what had happened, and he was beginning to understand what such strength would mean to him during the dark days that were at hand. There was a silver lining to the cloud, but the cloud was there. Would her strength help him to remove the cloud, or would her attitude and soothing presence only make poverty a little easier to bear? Hoping she might give him more light on this subject he again began to speak.

"My own Adeline, you are a marvel; nothing less. Tell me, where did you get your wisdom, your unbounded spiritual strength? You speak as if some supreme power had taken possession of your soul. But will your strength hold out to the end?"

"It cannot possibly fail," she replied, her voice again ringing with authority. And as she rose to her feet and walked to another part of the room, every movement of her body seemed to be alive with that same unfailing power. "The strength that is within me," she continued, "is greater than any misfortune, greater than any calamity that can ever befall me. And through that strength I shall bear everything without a murmur; through that strength I shall conquer everything and gain everything that the fullness of my life may require."

"You undoubtedly will, Adeline. You are not a weak woman. You are the most tender, the most beautiful and the most loving woman that ever lived; that I always knew; and today I have discovered that you are also a spiritual giant. Such a woman will surely fare well; to such a woman the world will surely be kind. But how different it will be with me. There are no opportunities for me any more, and my best days are gone."

"On the contrary, your best days are yet to come."

"Absurd, child! Absurd! I am past fifty; my youth is gone and my vigor is waning. What do you mean by such statements? Be sensible, please, be sensible."

"That is precisely what I am trying to be. By being sensible I am calm and composed at this moment instead of hysterical. And in that respect I shall continue as I have begun; I shall not become a burden to you, but rather a help and even an inspiration, if you so desire. However, permit me to repeat, that your best days are in the future. Nature will give you more vigor and virility during the next fifty years than you ever had during the past fifty, if you wish her to do so. And the world is ever in search of the great and the useful. You can be both if you will."

"I fail to understand you, Adeline; though I wish I could believe as you do; somehow I think I can see reality back of your dreams and your fancy; there seems to be something there that is tangible."

"Those things in life that seem to be the most unreal are after all the only things that are secure when the so-called real things are taken away."

"True again. I admit it. Your philosophy is sound, Adeline. I believe what you say. I am beginning to understand. Better days will come. But in the meantime how are we to be provided for? I see no way. No one will trust me now. No one will care to have anything to do with me. I have not played fair with the world. I can repent and mend my ways, but time will be needed to prove that I have actually changed. And during that time I see nothing but darkness in my path."

"We shall be provided for," she declared, in a tone that would have inspired conviction anywhere in the world. "Something will happen," she continued. "When the wrongs of a man's life come back to him, the good that he has done will come also. All is not darkness and distress before us. We shall have all that we need. That is my faith. Upon that rock I stand, and I refuse to move a thousandth part of an inch, come whatever may."

With these last words all the black clouds in her father's mind were dispersed completely. "Wonderful Adeline," he thought to himself, too deeply moved to speak. What an inspiration she was as she stood before him, her personality seemingly charged with unconquerable power, her face radiant with a strength that was kindness, tenderness, love and faith, all most beautifully blended into one. She seemed to feel the pain of everything that had occurred, and yet she was far stronger than what she felt. She was in the midst of storms, distress and blackness, but not an atom in her being was disturbed in the least. And gradually the tender presence of her marvelous strength was healing her father's heart, while the sublime serenity of her words and actions was giving peace to his troubled mind.

To her father's awakened soul she was now nothing less than a reigning goddess, holding in her right hand the elements of power and in her left the elements of love, while the glory of her wisdom beamed through her countenance as the radiant light of the sun. Slowly he realized the lofty position she had taken in this unfortunate event. He had been crushed with the crash of things; she had become stronger in the midst of it all and was towering above the confusion of it all, seemingly ready at any time to command every circumstance to fall at her feet and obey.

"Adeline," he said, with a voice that was calm and a tone that had the ring of strength reborn, "I will do as you say."

She had conquered. Her heart was full, and he thought he noticed her eyes becoming moist. But that was pleasing rather than otherwise, for though she was a spiritual giant, it was comforting to know that she was also a sweet and tender woman. What if he had lost everything? He still had Adeline. Could anything in the world give greater joy? And then she had invited him to come and live in her world—a world wherein there was always peace and joy. Yes, he would go—go at once, for now he knew what that was, and he was beginning to see that to live in such a place was worth infinitely more than all the wealth in the world. But Adeline had declared

that he would regain everything, and he believed she knew whereof she spoke. At any rate he would call upon nature to give him back his virility, his ambition and his youth, and begin again. He would build anew, and as he thought of the possibilities that such a course might present, he began to feel an inner joy that he had never known before. He imagined it was the joy of the conqueror, the feeling that comes to him who wins because he deserves to win. Yes, such was the future that he could now discern before him. It was a future in which the real Richard Spaulding would be all that there possibly was in him to be. And how interesting it would be to live to see the development of such a future.

Suddenly he rose to his feet a new man. His face was beaming with light and joy and his entire personality was erect with a power that knows no kinship with fail. Giving Adeline the most affectionate good-by he had ever given her in his life, he left the house to begin at once the building of this new and brilliant future.

XI.

When Richard Spaulding returned to his office he found Mr. Whiting there waiting.

"I came to congratulate you," Mr. Whiting began; "you are now free from a burden that no man, to be true to himself, can afford to bear; and you are face to face with the greatest opportunity of your life. I consider this the most successful failure I ever knew. I have special reasons for thinking so, and ere many weeks you will fully concur with my conclusions."

"I know it," Mr. Spaulding replied, with enthusiasm. "I feel like shouting for joy. I have lost everything, but I have found myself. Mr. Whiting, if you knew what happened at my home this morning you would cry for joy. But we shall not speak of it now. You wish to see me on some personal matter, I judge, so please come in."

The two men entered the private office, where they remained for about thirty minutes. When they returned, Melville Reardon thought they looked even happier than before, and he was becoming anxious to know what so much satisfaction and joy might mean in the face of such a serious disaster. But his anxiety was only partly satisfied, as Mr. Spaulding seemed too busy to talk during the rest of the afternoon, and was therefore very brief in his orders and explanations. When they were getting ready to leave, however, Mr. Reardon was told to come back for another week to help close up the business, and he was also promised some interesting information before their last week together was at an end.

Returning to his own simple abode, Mr. Reardon did not know exactly how to feel. He was in the midst of one of those moments when it hardly seems right to be happy, yet wholly wrong to be sad. He had much to think about, and the most important, for the time being, was the fact that within twenty-four hours he would be a most welcome guest at the luxurious home of Lillian Strong.

Sunday morning arrived at last, and finally Sunday night. It was an evening that Miss Strong had been looking forward to with the keenest delight, and when Melville Reardon also arrived she was happy indeed.

"Did you go to church today?" she asked, as the two were seated on the lawn, surrounded with flowers and trees and a most delightfully fragrant atmosphere.

"No, I did not," he replied, quietly, wondering why she should open the conversation with such a question.

"Neither did I," she said, with a tone of satisfaction, evidently pleased to learn that there would be no religious differences between them. "In fact, I seldom go," she continued, "especially in mid-summer."

"That is not the reason why I was not in church today."

"No? You have other reasons. Possibly you are not religious. Though we shall not be any the less friendly on that account, as some of the truest and best people I know care nothing about religion whatever."

"I beg to differ with you there, Miss Strong. We are all religious, at least to some degree. And the better and truer we become, the more religious we become."

"I hardly understand you, Mr. Reardon. Will you tell me what you mean by being religious?"

"My religion is to do the best I know in this world today. But to do my best I must make the best use of everything that is within me. And the term 'everything' covers not only the powers of personality, but also the finer elements of mind and soul."

"Then with you religion is not a matter of creed or doctrine."

"Not in the least. Religion is not to believe what theologians think about God, but to always do the will of God."

"I like that. But will you tell me what you mean by the will of God?"

"My simplest definition is this: To do my best under every circumstance, and to add perpetually to the welfare and happiness of all, including myself. That, according to my mind, is what God wants us to do."

"Beautiful! Beautiful, indeed! And I can readily understand that from your point of view we could not be human unless we were religious."

"That is certainly true. But it is also true that we become more beautifully human as the finer elements of mind and soul become more active. We also become correspondingly more worthy, more useful and more happy."

"I believe that, Mr. Reardon. It is these finer elements that you speak of that make life worth while. And I think I can see how life could be made gorgeously beautiful and supremely happy if we knew more about these richer kingdoms of mind and soul."

"We are in perfect harmony on that great subject, Miss Strong. And to know that we are makes me happy, indeed."

"Thank you, Mr. Reardon. I appreciate these last words more than I can say. But you did not tell me why you were not in church today."

"When I go to church I do not wish to be told that I am sinful and weak. I know that before. I do not wish to be told what to believe. The beliefs of one age are the heresies of the next, and vice versa. I wish to be told what I am, not in my weakness, but in my strength. I wish to be told, not what I have failed to do, but what is in me to do. I want to listen to something that can touch the soul, something that can carry my spirit to empyrean heights and reveal to my vision the beauty and splendor of existence sublime."

Lillian was silent, evidently touched by the beauty and eloquence of his sentiments, and realizing that she was in the presence, not of a mere man, but of a man who had visions—a man who had felt the power of that something that makes humanity great—a man within whose restless soul the elements of nature were mysteriously at work preparing for some rare and wonderful career.

Noting her silence and the marked attention of her attitude, he continued to give the reason she had asked for.

"If I am to be true to myself, I must live, not simply in my body and in parts of my mind; I must live in all the kingdoms of my mind and in all the kingdoms of my soul as well. But to train myself to live truly in those other kingdoms, or what we may term the upper story of this building we call man, I must go there frequently. I must needs be lifted up, so to speak, and Sunday morning is the time most suited for that sublime experience. How I wish that some real prophet would arise in the world—someone who could tell us the truth about these things—someone who could lead us out of the Babel of mere words and the warfare of useless doctrines into that lofty realm of peace and joy where we all shall find life—into that secret place in the soul from whence comes everything that is worthy and noble in man."

"Your sentiments are most beautiful," declared Lillian, as she looked up at him in a manner that was closely akin to worship. "And as for the prophet you speak of," she continued, her face lit up with the glory of those transcendent thoughts his words had engendered in her mind, "I am absolutely certain I am in his presence now."

"No," he replied, half sadly, "that is not my work. I am made for something else and I have other ambitions."

"Yes," she exclaimed, with eagerness. "And you were to tell me tonight about those ambitions."

"That is true. But there are certain reasons why I could not tell you all tonight. Though I shall tell you everything except the real nature of the ambition itself. I may tell you that later; that is, if you decide that you wish me to do so."

"Go on, Mr. Reardon, please go on. Tell me all you can. I shall be profoundly interested, I know."

Her wish was granted. He told her everything that he had passed through in connection with his two leading ambitions, just as

he told Cyril Janos at his first meeting with that remarkable man. Then he told her what that masterful scientist had advised him to do; and, lastly, he explained to her his present position. In another week he would be without work, and the problem was what to do. Should he seek another position, or should he try once more to carry out his lifelong dream? He almost felt as if he could wait no longer. Everything within him was urging him with more and more persistence to make a bold dash at once for the goal he had in view, but as yet the way was anything but clear.

"There is a way," she whispered softly, as she looked into his eyes with appealing tenderness. "Your ambitions can be realized, Mr. Reardon. It is perfectly clear to me how it can be done, and you can begin at once to work out your great career."

"You are very kind, Miss Strong, for taking such an interest in my life and my future, and some day I hope you will tell me what that way might be."

"Yes, I will tell you whenever you wish," she replied, in a low tone, her voice trembling a trifle. "And I shall appreciate the privilege most highly," she added, with emphasis. "Though you will promise me, will you not, to make no final plans until you have considered my way?"

"I promise," he said, as he rose to take his departure. And after a few moments of most friendly leave-taking, he left the luxury and delight of this most beautiful home to again re-enter his own uninviting abode. He always found it difficult to keep up his spirits when he compared his own place of shelter, for that was all it was, with the luxury that others with less ability enjoyed. But on this particular night he felt that he had not the right to even express the slightest dissatisfaction with his accommodations, for he knew there was a palace waiting to receive him, if he would only utter a certain word at a certain time.

When Monday morning came, and he realized that it was to be his last week with Mr. Spaulding, he found it necessary to use all the power of will in his possession to maintain a cheerful attitude. But as the day wore on he was aided greatly in these efforts by the way Mr. Spaulding faced the situation. That man went about the closing up of his ill-fated business with never an expression of regret, neither in speech nor in outward demeanor. He acted as if he were simply getting rid of mere trash, and seemed supremely happy over the prospects of beginning at the bottom once more.

To Mr. Reardon the week passed somewhat slowly, and he was glad beyond words when Saturday finally arrived. What to do next, however, was the problem, and the more he thought of it the more confused he seemed to become.

To find moments of relief from his mental distress he called frequently on Miss Cameron during the four weeks that followed. And the relief he sought was always forthcoming in her presence. She was invariably bright and happy, and he forgot the more serious things of life in her light-hearted conversation. Gradually he came

to think more and more that this girl could make him happy, and he gave her to understand in various ways that his visits were more than friendly calls.

He received several invitations to the home of Mrs. Arnold during the same period, which he accepted gladly. It was Mrs. Arnold's purpose, in extending these invitations, to impress upon his mind that Miss Cameron was the girl he needed. Though he did not discover this purpose until later. But she partly succeeded, and he soon made up his mind to declare his love for the girl with the golden hair.

The following Sunday he decided to carry out these intentions, but on his way to the home of his chosen love he met Miss Strong. This made him hesitate. During the evening, however, he made several attempts to tell Miss Cameron that he loved her, for she certainly seemed sweeter than ever. But whenever he tried to tell her the picture of Miss Strong came up in his mind. What could that mean? he wondered. Then he remembered that he had to run for the car that he took in coming that evening, an act that he had never committed on Sunday before. But somehow he "wanted" that particular car, though he saw another coming less than a block away.

He went home without saying anything about love. A few days later he went to see Miss Cameron again, and he was determined to declare his love, but as he alighted from the car Miss Strong passed in her carriage. The same incident, under slightly modified circumstances, occurred again near the close of the week, and Mr. Reardon concluded that something was wrong. Why did something mysterious always come in his way whenever he undertook to secure a wife? Was this another instance where his subconscious mind was "interfering" so as to prevent an action that did not correspond with his two leading ambitions? This thought brought him to his senses, and he could see very clearly once more than Miss Cameron did not resemble the "one woman of his dreams" in a single respect.

In the meantime he was in constant search of a position, but could find nothing that was satisfactory. At times he was almost discouraged, and frequently resolved to go and see Cyril Janos, a privilege he had not taken advantage of recently. And the reason was he felt he had not made the proper use of the information already received. He still permitted himself to be drawn in every direction, and the mental part of himself still seemed to be twisted entirely out of normal shape. If he could only turn all the powers of his being upon the goal he desired to reach, a change for the better might come speedily, but this was something he had not accomplished as yet. There was no reason, however, why this might not be accomplished at once. He knew how, and had both the force of character and the will. Then he would surely find a way to begin the real work of his life.

But there already was a way. He could marry Miss Strong. He knew that was the "way" she had reference to, and it certainly would solve his problems. While he was working out the plans of his great ambition he would not have to earn a living if he had Lillian

for a wife. Possibly that was the answer to his prayers. No, hardly; for she did not resemble "the woman." True, he was very much attracted to Lillian mentally, but he was not attracted to her personality; and for some reason, personal attraction seemed the most desirable.

These were his thoughts, and the more he entertained these thoughts the darker his mind became. Finally, after four weeks of separation from his real friends, another ray of light came into his life, and a bright, strong ray it proved to be. He received a letter from Mrs. Whiting, and an invitation to come to a special gathering at her home the Thursday night following. "All the select souls will be there," the letter went on to say. "Each one present will be expected to ask some momentous question, and Cyril Janos will reply."

Now there was something to look forward to, and his heart danced with joy. Noting the address, he observed that it was the house formerly occupied by Mr. Spaulding and the fairest of daughters, Adeline.

XII.

The suspense of the intervening days had finally come to an end and Melville Reardon found himself in the former home of Mr. Spaulding, ready to appropriate every word that might be uttered that evening—an evening that was destined to become the parting of the ways to everyone present. To add to his supreme delight, he observed that he was in the company of all the choice spirits he admired so much, and his soul was resting in that realm of supreme content that only those can know who have been where all are friends.

He soon learned that Mr. Whiting had purchased the home of Mr. Spaulding and that Adeline and her father had been invited to remain as honored guests for an indefinite period. He also learned that Mr. Spaulding had some great problem that he wished to work out and that Cyril Janos had been invited to turn the light of his practical philosophy upon the subject.

The coming of this great scientist inspired Mrs. Whiting to invite all her best friends and planned that each one should ask some momentous question during the evening.

The evening began with a most brilliant conversation, led principally by Mrs. Whiting and Adeline, two matchless women according to Melville's view, and as he thought of the matter more closely, he asked himself if Miss Cameron would fit in this group; but his answer was No, nothing but No. How foolish he had been to pay any attention to that girl, he thought to himself. No, he did not love her. He had just schooled his mind to think he loved her because Mrs. Arnold had so deeply impressed the idea upon his mind. And, as he realized this, a dislike for that strong-minded widow began to take possession of all of his feelings, and he found it difficult, for the time being, to carry out his resolve never to dislike anybody any more.

But his attention was completely removed from the subject when it was announced that Cyril Janos had arrived.

The coming of this remarkable man aroused special interest in the mind of Mr. Spaulding, as he was the only one of the company who had not met this strange philosopher before.

When Mr. Spaulding saw Cyril Janos he saw a man that could not be read from personal appearance. Two impressions came to his mind. One was that there was no fault to find with the appearance; the other was that there was such an immensity back of the appearance that the external features were as yet incapable of expressing more than a mere fraction of what was alive within. To most people, Cyril Janos was a Sphinx. To those who knew him as he really was, he was without comparison, beyond and above everybody they had ever met. He was not a mystic; did not pose as trying to be a saint; he mingled freely among all men and answered their questions briefly. He spoke only of what the inquirer could understand. He never told all he knew on any subject until he had auditors that actually wanted to know it all. His personality never attracted special attention the first time, but the more frequently he was met, the more attractive, the more remarkable, the more beautiful and the more fascinating his entire nature became. He grew on everybody and never ceased to grow no matter how frequently he was seen. He had no peculiarities except that he seemed to be different. He was a type of which there was but one, and he alone was that one.

After the plan of the evening had been explained and everybody invited to think of some remarkable question, Mr. Spaulding was requested to present the first problem.

"There is a certain deficiency," Mr. Spaulding began, "in one of the leading electrical apparatus in the world. To correct this deficiency a new invention will be required, and if such an invention were perfected the cost of electricity for power, light or fuel would be reduced to less than one-fourth of what it is now, and human comfort would be increased in a thousand ways to correspond. I have thought of such an invention for years, though not deeply, as my time has been otherwise occupied; but recently the subject has come to my mind with added force and I would like to know if there is anything in your philosophy that I could employ in training my mind for this undertaking."

"I am delighted," Cyril Janos replied with enthusiasm; "this is a most interesting problem, and I think I know what it is to which you refer."

"I am glad of that; but is there any hope for me working it out?"

"There certainly is. You already have considerable inventive genius, and you cannot only bring out all of that genius through a very simple method, but you can also train it to work for that particular invention you have in view."

At this remark Mr. Spaulding looked knowingly at Adeline, and

she returned the glance with as much as to say, "I knew from the beginning that your best days are yet to come."

"This is good news, indeed," continued Mr. Spaulding, "and I know that you will tell me how to proceed."

All were silent for a moment, and the face of Cyril Janos seemed to beam with a joy that no one present had ever witnessed before. But that joy was more than joy. It seemed to say something, and it seemed to say the same to all who were present. They all seemed to read in his expression, "Watch for some marvelous invention. It will come without fail."

The great scientist then resumed, and asked Mr. Spaulding what he knew about that strange and fascinating something usually termed the subconscious mind.

"I do not claim to know very much about it," Mr. Spaulding replied, "but I think I have read almost everything published on the subject. I am, therefore, quite ready for added information."

"Yes, in that case, you are ready; and to proceed, the first essential is to train that inner servant of the mind to express all the inventive genius you possess. The second essential is to train it to work out that which you have resolved to perfect."

"And may I positively expect results?" Mr. Spaulding inquired, his interest and attention becoming intense.

"Yes, positively," Cyril Janos replied with calm assurance; "and I use the term 'positively' because the two great principles involved, if applied, would not permit of failure. The first principle is that the subconscious mind can be trained to do anything that lies within the possibilities of human life, and thus far we have found no limit to that possibility; nor is it likely that we ever shall. The second principle is that the subconscious mind never fails to do what it is properly directed to do."

"Then, according to your doctrine," interrupted Adeline, "every mind will reach its goal some day, no matter how unattainable that goal may seem to be."

"Precisely so."

"That is what my mother taught me," she added, with infinite tenderness; "and I always knew it was true."

"Then suppose a man has no talent along a certain line," inquired Reardon; "can he ever hope to accomplish anything along that line?"

"Yes, positively again, because the subconscious mind can create the necessary talent, and later express it. All the talent and all the genius that ever appeared in any mind or that ever will appear in any mind exists already in the subconscious of every mind. It can therefore be brought out, though much time will be required if that talent is not in evidence."

"Would you advise a man to create or bring out talent he does not seem to possess?" asked Mr. Spaulding.

"No. Not as a rule. If there were no signs of the inventive genius in your conscious or outer mind, I should not advise you to go

to work with this invention. The average person has not learned to live long enough to bring out from the deep realms of the mind what has never been expressed before. It has been done, however, a number of times, but the wisest course is to proceed to train the strongest talent to do what you wish to have done; then you will secure results almost from the beginning."

"I understand, and I always thought that the inventive faculty was one of the strongest in my mind, though it has been entirely neglected because I took somebody's advice when a boy and entered the wrong vocation."

"That is true, Mr. Spaulding, and therefore you may proceed with that new ambition, knowing that you will have results."

"But that is certainly encouraging to a man who has had the experience that has recently been mine. And I believe you are right. Something within me seems to tell me you are right, though I am becoming anxious to learn how to proceed."

"That is very simple; in fact, many would say it is too simple to be effective. Begin by forming a very clear idea of that which you wish to invent, and impress this idea almost constantly upon your subconscious mind. Continue to live in a manner where you seem to consciously and deeply feel yourself inventing what you have in view, and never cease to expect the results desired. Tell the subconscious mind every day what you wish to do. Talk to this mind as if it had intelligence, because it has; and believe firmly that your instructions will be carried out to the letter. Imagine constantly that the subconscious mind is doing what you have directed it to do, and inspire this imaging process with a desire so deep and so strong that it seems to arouse unlimited determination in every atom of your being."

"And is that all there is to it?" inquired Mr. Spaulding, anxiously.

"Yes, that is all, and to those who understand it is sufficient."

"I see what you mean. You have given me the principle and it is my work to apply the principle; though, if I should fail to make the principle applicable in my case, it would simply indicate that I have not sufficient intelligence to do what I have the ambition to do."

"You have stated the matter well, Mr. Spaulding, and you have said a thousand times as much as your words at first would seem to convey."

For a few moments everybody was silent, evidently trying to read between the lines, when finally Mr. Warren announced that he had something to ask that he considered just as important as the problem just presented.

"We shall be deeply interested in your question," Cyril Janos replied, his face indicating deep satisfaction.

"Thank you," said Mr. Warren, deeply pleased with the attitude displayed by the great philosopher; "then I will state my case and do so as briefly as I can. I have a great project in mind; in fact, I am laying the plans for what appears to me to be the greatest movement for human welfare ever established. I will give details later,

but what I wish to know now is how I can place myself in touch with the necessary means to carry out my plan."

"I understand. And have you tried persistent desire?"

"I am trying it now, but I am convinced that something more will be required."

"I am happy, indeed, to learn that you have made this discovery. Though persistent desire is mighty, it does not always succeed. It succeeds only when it has soul, and the soul of persistent desire is nothing less than faith."

"Oh! but I am glad," Mrs. Whiting declared, "to have that subject mentioned. I firmly believe it is the secret that underlies every great achievement in human life."

"It is," Cyril Janos replied, calmly; "but the number who possess the insight to discern the real significance of faith is not as large as we should desire."

"And will you kindly tell us what you mean by the real significance of faith?" Mr. Warren inquired with a deepening interest.

"Believe that you can do what you wish to do, and then place all of yourself in that belief."

"Yes, I understand," Mr. Warren replied; and his countenance indicated to everyone present that he did understand. They saw what he felt; that his problem was solved; that he now might proceed to make the new dream of his life come true.

"In this connection," interrupted Adeline, "how do you interpret the statement that God helps them that help themselves?"

"Thank you for asking that question. I consider it one of the greatest that could possibly arise in the human mind, and my answer is this: When man helps himself he is turning to good account everything that exists within himself, and there is no reason why he should seek aid from any source external to himself until he has first made proper use of what he already possesses. But when he has reached that stage where he is truly and fully helping himself, he has reached the bounds of his own capacity, and to go further he will need assistance; and it is the great law that we invariably receive additional life and power from the limitless when we fully employ what we already possess. When we use intelligently all of our power, then we will begin to receive assistance from Supreme Power, and the reason why is simple. We can touch that which is on the outside of the circle of limitation only when we live up to the full capacity of that circle. We must be all that we are before we can justly expect to receive that which will enable us to be more than we are."

"Then you believe," said Mrs. Whiting, "that the human mind must necessarily place itself in touch with the Infinite mind if that which is great or extraordinary is to be accomplished."

"Yes, that is precisely what I mean; and it is one of those truths that no person can afford to ignore for a single moment."

"But is it necessary," Mrs. Whiting continued, "for the human mind to attain a certain state of goodness before it can act in harmony with Infinite mind; and if so, what is the reason that good men do

not always succeed? Such minds are supposed to be in closer touch with the Supreme. And I might add, what is the reason that questionable methods frequently do succeed?"

"This is a problem that is disturbing nearly every mind in the world today; but again the answer is simple. It is ability that succeeds and not passive qualities, no matter how admirable those qualities may be. No person can succeed simply because he is honest and just and good. He must have ability; but if his ability is combined with character, manhood and true worth, his success will be far greater; and besides, the happiness that he will gain from his success will be multiplied many times. Ability to make money will make money whether the methods employed are in strict accord with justice or not; but whether such gains are worth while or not is another question."

"Your answer is entirely satisfactory to me," said Mr. Writing; "and it is my conviction that when your views on this subject are made generally known, the seeming injustice that appears everywhere in the world will be a mystery no more."

"That is the truth; and everybody having greater things in view will then find that the force of mind must be combined with the force of character. The force of mind without the force of character has no definite center of action. It is power minus the man. It has no permanent basis of operation, and therefore its success can never be permanent. Regardless of precaution its forces will finally scatter."

"Will you kindly tell us," inquired Mr. Reardon, "what you mean by character?"

"Yes, I will give you a very brief definition, one that any intelligent mind can work out and develop to any point of perfection. Character is the harmonious blending of positive qualities in constructive action."

"And may I inquire how an ambitious man should apply his mind and character when he meets what he wants, but realizes at the time that he has neither the power nor the opportunity to get it?"

"Another great question," replied Cyril Janos, with enthusiasm. "I wish we had time to do them all justice tonight. However, the answer you require can be stated very briefly. When the average person meets what he wants, but cannot get, he becomes mentally depressed. In other words, his mind falls down; and when the mind falls down it loses that power through which the thing desired is to be gained. At such a time a person should, instead, become more determined than ever before, and should so increase his desire to win that he would stamp out completely every thought of disappointment. Instead of thinking of himself as 'poor me' at such times, he should declare with all the power of his mind and soul that he can and that he will make this ambition come true."

"Such thoughts are certainly inspiring," declared Mr. Warren; "and I should certainly become supremely happy if every man in the world could be endued with the whole of this optimistic philosophy; but how can the average man continue to apply such ideas

when he realizes year after year that everything is going wrong?"

"In the first place, things would not go wrong year after year if the man himself were always going right. If you are going right and persist in going right, everything will soon cease to go wrong. Things will soon change and begin to go where you are going. It is only a question of whether you are to be pulled down by things or things are to be pulled up by you."

"And to that I should like to add," said Mrs. Whiting, "that every disappointment contains an opportunity."

"Yes," said Mr. Spaulding, "and every failure is an open door to greater success."

"And do not forget," interrupted Reardon, "that the darkest night is but the vestibule to some bright and glorious day."

"And remember, please," Mr. Warren added, "that when your last effort is followed by another effort the tide invariably turns."

"All very good," said Mr. Whiting; "but we must also remember that the greatest adversity is but richness and power gone wrong, though it cannot go wrong very long if we persist in going right."

"And it is so easy to go right," said Adeline, "when you know that you will always find what you want at the end of that road."

"Now, Mildred," said Mrs. Whiting, "what can you add to this brilliant array of aphorisms?"

"I should like to add something," she said in her usually quiet and timid manner, "and this is it: From certain points of view even a tear will sparkle like the most brilliant diamond."

"You are a wonderful girl," said Mrs. Whiting; "but you yourself are the only one who does not see into think so. You are nothing less than a rare jewel; though I know you would feel more comfortable if I should speak of you as the least of human creatures."

"Now, it is not as bad as that," Miss Kirkwood replied, as she blushed in the consciousness of the fact that she had suddenly become the center of discussion; "but," she continued, "it always seemed to me that everybody had more worth and value than I."

"And for that reason," Mrs. Whiting replied, "you have made it a part of your life to add to the worth of others by giving yourself away completely to every demand that your friends might make; but you have received nothing in return."

"Yes, but it makes me happy to serve."

"That may be true," Mrs. Whiting continued, "but that is no reason why you should be a doormat when you were made to be a crown."

"Probably not, but in the one case I would be useful, while in the other purely ornamental."

"Now you are wrong again," said Mrs. Whiting, with emphasis; "the ornamental is just as necessary to the greatest good in human life as that which we speak of as strictly practical. Things that seem to be purely ornamental are sometimes the most useful, and we know very well that the beautiful is second to nothing in the measure of service."

"Most beautifully true," said Adeline, and everybody nodded assent.

"And that reminds me," Mrs. Whiting continued, "that Mildred has not presented her question. Do let us have it at once."

"I think I better not," Miss Kirkwood replied, as she blushed in her usual extravagant manner. "There is only one question that I can think of, and I am sure it is not in harmony with the profound discussion that has been taking place here tonight."

"That may be the very reason why we should have it," Mrs. Whiting replied; "and I insist that we have it without delay."

"Very well," said Miss Kirkwood; "but it has always been a mystery to me why a young man always tells his latest girl that she is the only girl he has ever loved."

"I knew Miss Kirkwood had something good," said Mrs. Whiting, laughingly, "and I am sure we shall all be more than interested to know the answer; especially since it is a fact that nearly every young man seems to believe what he says under such circumstances."

"This answer is simple enough," said Cyril Janos; "and again we are considering a subject which, if thoroughly understood, would dispel a multitude of troubles. The fact is that when a man is in love, the object of his affections is the only creature that exists in the world of his love. His mind is so absorbed in that one creature that he is wholly unconscious of anyone else ever existing in the world. When a man is in love, the present love is the only love that seems real. All previous loves now appear to be nothing but illusions. And, therefore, the fact that a man tells his girl that she is the only girl he ever loved is usually conclusive evidence that his affections for her are genuine; provided, however, that his declarations ring true, and this any girl can tell without fail."

With this remark Cyril Janos excused himself for the evening; and a little later the others also took their departure, each one realizing that it had been an evening that could not be easily forgotten.

XIII.

An eventful summer had passed; at any rate it seemed eventful to Mildred Kirkwood; and an autumn equally important was fast moving to a close. For several months she had been making preparations for the great climax in her life, though she had no idea as to how or when it was to occur. Early in the summer, after learning the secrets from Mrs. Whiting, she had resolved to become the wife of the best man in the world, and she fully expected to have the opportunity to carry out her resolution. She was carefully schooling herself to avoid every feeling of disappointment, no matter what external appearances in the matter might be, as she had been told that mental depression would only defeat her purpose. However, there was nothing in sight that would indicate the speedy coming of the climax.

She was convinced that she had discovered the best man in the world, but to win him was out of the question; so she sometimes thought, though usually she would refuse absolutely to entertain such a thought. Instead, she would think to herself, "I will do what is necessary to win the best man in the world, and when all is in readiness, he will surely come." Thus she put away all unfavorable indications and continued to smile herself into the hearts of everybody she met.

One day as the holiday season was approaching she thought more seriously than ever before of the future she had pictured for herself. It was during the noon hour, and she was alone in that part of the grat establishment where she was employed. She therefore had the opportunity to think in peace, and somehow the cherished dream seemed almost real. She wondered why, but was soon awakened from her sweet reverie by the approach of Marshall Chesterton.

"Alone with your thoughts," he said as he gave her a handshake that seemed to say what she so dearly hoped some day to hear. "And I know," he continued, in a more tender voice than he had ever used in her presence before, "that those thoughts are most beautiful."

"And how do you know?" she asked, her face radiating with loveliness as she suddenly gave expression to those exquisite emotions she so deeply felt in her soul.

"Because beautiful thoughts always produce a beautiful countenance," he replied; and as he spoke he observed that his words had the effect desired.

"To that I have nothing to say," she answered him quietly; "only I know my thoughts are beautiful, far more so than you think."

"There is no question about that, Miss Kirkwood, and this is not the first day that you have had such thoughts. I have noticed a great change in you; in fact, I should say, a phenomenal change, and it seems that it began some months ago; and of course you have noticed that my visits to this establishment have been far more frequent since that change began. In the past I had business here only about once every week, but recently I have found it convenient to call here on some pretense or other every day. Probably you can guess the reason why. But tell me, will you not, what was it that originally produced this great change?"

"Oh!" she said, as every atom in her being seemed to thrill with inspiration, "I have started a sunshine factory."

"Indeed? I think I understand. Though I might have guessed it. But where is it located? It is a place I am more than curious to see."

"Why, in the rear lot of my countenance. There was some vacant space there, so I thought I would turn it to good use."

"Splendid idea, to be sure; and I dare say it will be worth millions one of these days."

"It is already; and the demand for the product is so great that it is necessary to keep the entire concern in operation day and night."

"I don't doubt that in the least, but do you think this factory will ever be for sale? If it ever should be placed on the market, I want the first opportunity. And I would consider it the best investment that anyone could ever find."

"No, Mr. Chesterton, it is not for sale. My sunshine factory will never be sold."

"And why not?"

"Because I mean to give it away."

"And have you decided who the luckiest person in the world is to be?"

"Yes, it will be given to the best man in the world, and he may take possession as soon as he likes."

"So you are going to give it to a man, are you? Well, you do deserve the best man in the world, Miss Kirkwood. At last you have placed the proper estimation upon yourself. If I were only that man! Then, indeed, could I thank my stars."

"But you are," she whispered in an undertone, half afraid that he might hear what she said; "and you need not thank your stars," she continued as she raised the corner of her eyes so as to look at him, if possible, without being observed. "Thank yourself. The stars have nothing to do with it. You have made yourself what you are, and you deserve the honor for whatever your position in life may bring to you at any time."

"No, Miss Kirkwood, I am not the best man in the world, nor am I within a million miles of that lofty position."

"But, Mr. Chesterton, I think so; and that is sufficient, is it not? According to your own statement, it is what I think in this case that counts."

"You have improved indeed, Miss Kirkwood, and I am delighted to see it. In the past you didn't think that you or your thoughts counted for anything."

"Yes, I have changed."

"Nothing is more evident to me."

"I do not feel like the same person in any manner whatever, and the chief reason is that I have changed the purpose of my life."

"I am quite aware of the fact that you have; but will you kindly explain to me what this new purpose might be?"

"The principle of it is to live for the sake of always living more; and the result is that I enjoy the best that there is in the whole of life, not only as it is expressed through the tangible avenues of visible material, but also as expressed through the intangible avenues of mind and soul."

"I see your idea and it is quite evident to me, even at first sight, that one would never get tired of living for such an idea. But what more is there to your purpose? There is a great deal more, I am sure."

"Yes, there is. I used to live for what I hoped to have gotten in the past. Now I live for what I expect to get in the future."

"Splendid, Miss Kirkwood. Nothing better was ever said. But

what do you do when you get what you do not expect, and fail to get what you do expect?"

"I have learned to count everything joy, and I am training myself to believe that all things work together for good."

"Splendid again, though I dare say that you sometimes fear that you might get, after all, what is contrary to that which you expected."

"No, I never think of what I do not want. I haven't the time. I am too busy thinking of what I do want. I never fear failure; I haven't time for that either, for I am devoting every moment in training my mind to have more faith in success."

"No wonder you have changed so much, Miss Kirkwood. If a rock could think such thoughts, it would soon become a diamond. But tell me, what do you do when you are face to face with trouble?"

"I have learned to smile at everything and to meet all things as good things. You remember, do you not, how soon a smile of God can change everything?"

"I do; and I think I can now see for the first time what it means to smile with such a smile."

"I know you do, Mr. Chesterton; and if you will think a moment you will see that there is only one smile in all the vastness of creation. Every real smile, no matter where it may appear, is 'the smile of God,' and when we learn to smile with that smile, then we learn how soon that smile can change the world."

"You are a jewel, Miss Kirkwood, the most precious jewel that ever was; and may I have the pleasure to tell you more, as much as I like, in the same tone of voice?"

"You may, Mr. Chesterton," she sweetly replied, her entire being trembling with a new and wonderful joy; "and you alone," she added in a whisper that was intended to be too soft and too low for him to hear; but he did hear and was glad.

In a few moments he took his departure, but not until he had given her an invitation that meant everything she had dreamed for the future. And how soon, she thought to herself when alone, it all came about. Yes, it was the smile, and how soon that smile changed everything. It brought her into a new world, and in that world everything was beautiful in the present, with every promise for the future. Wonderful indeed, she thought again. Yes, phenomenal; but how and where did it all begin? Simply a change in herself. That was the secret. By trying to be everything that nature had given her the power to be, she had come to a place where she was about to receive everything she had ever desired or longed for.

Mr. Chesterton was not only one of the select among real men; he was more. As to character, nobleness and worth, he was all that any woman could desire; but he also possessed remarkable ability, and through that ability had already won great success in the world. He was only in the early thirties, a few years her senior, and could readily have won almost any woman that he might have wanted. But he had waited for a woman that possessed that strange something so few women have taken time to cultivate. And as Mildred realized that

she had, through her own efforts, become the possessor of that charmed something, she could hardly contain herself for joy. And all that afternoon she continued to dream her beautiful dream, a dream that was fast coming true, a dream that would give her far more happiness than she ever imagined could come to any human soul.

XIV

"With your kind permission, Miss Cameron, I should like to talk to you about the more serious side of life tonight."

"Very well, Mr. Reardon. I am always ready to please you."

That was true. She seemed always ready to please and that was one reason why he thought he loved her so much. He had come to the conclusion, however, that he would not make a declaration of his affections until he had learned whether there would be harmony of thought in their lives. He had tried several times to attract her attention to some of his most important ideas, but in each instance she had changed the subject so tactfully that he had followed her inclinations without hardly knowing that he did so. But the time for action was now at hand. He felt he could wait no longer. He would ask her a few general questions about matters that he considered vital, and if there seemed to be indications of harmony between them, he would ask her then and there to link her life with his.

The thought of this step gave him a peculiar inner sensation that he could not understand. It was pleasing and yet it was not pleasing. For a moment he continued in this state, and as he listened to the autumn winds as they were fiercely blowing without, the situation seemed to receive a strange romantic touch. Suddenly he was carried away, so to speak, from all that was matter of fact in life, and he found it difficult to take up the subject he intended.

When one is touched with those mysterious elements of life that speak only in the language of love, reason has nothing to say, and when nature conspires to intensify the intoxication of that delicious state, either with her sublime panorama or with her weird and soulful intonations, there is nothing to be done but simply to follow the bent of the heart. And it was in a condition somewhat similar to this that Mr. Reardon found himself as he sat there beside his golden-haired maiden, encircled, so to speak, in the dream-producing comfort of an open fireplace.

Finally he succeeded in asking her, "Do you think that a married couple ought to be in perfect harmony as to thought?"

"No," she quickly replied, "it would be too monotonous."

"But suppose the husband had some great purpose in life and his wife was not interested in that purpose, would it not be a detriment to his success?"

"I suppose so," she answered in a tone that was decidedly lacking in interest.

"You know I have a great purpose in life," he resumed, after a somewhat uncomfortable pause; "I should like to tell you something about it."

"All right; go on. I will listen."

This reply did not please him very much, but he loved her, so therefore he could overlook a small matter like that. "You know," he began, "I do not think we are here to get ready to die. I think we are here to live as long as we can and accomplish as much as we can, not only for our own, but for the whole race."

"Then why don't somebody do it?"

"I mean to do it, Miss Cameron. Would you not like to see me realize such a dream?"

"No, I think not. I would rather see you try to make your family happy and get all the pleasure you could out of life while you live."

"Yes. But suppose I would do both of these things, and in addition continue not only to prolong my life, but to live every year a richer, better and more useful life. Wouldn't that be better still?"

"I don't think I understand you, Mr. Reardon."

"I wish you did, Miss Cameron. I would like very much to have you understand me perfectly."

"Yes, but what does it matter? We can enjoy ourselves even though we should never mention those weighty matters."

"I would rather not take that position concerning everything that is vital that we may meet in this world, for you know I want to do something extraordinary, or at least something worth while."

"I do not doubt but that you will."

"I know I will. I must. But the woman I love can do more for me in that respect than I can myself, if she believes in me and in my purpose."

"That may be true."

"Don't you think a woman can inspire a man, Miss Cameron?"

"I do not know how she would. I never thought of it."

"If she loves him and believes in him, she certainly will, or I should say she can. But there is love and love."

"Now, Mr. Reardon, you intend to draw me into a deep discussion. I think there is more happiness to be found in some other way, and when people love each other, everything else will come out all right."

"You may have the correct view," he concluded; and though he wished her ideas were different, or at any rate that she would take an interest in his ideas, still he decided that he would seek her love anyway and then hope that everything would come right.

After a few moments of delicious imagination wherein he pictured to himself how desirable such a love would be, he felt he had the courage to tell her what he had come to say that evening; and his courage did not fail him. He did tell her and continued to tell her, in a hundred different ways, the oldest and the newest of stories in the world; but as he was about to ask her to become his own forever, his mind was suddenly brought down from those sublime heights to be rudely shocked by something very ordinary. He thought he saw someone move back of the portiers that partly closed the doorway. He looked again and he was not mistaken. For a moment he was dazed and it seemed as if his mind was standing still.

"Oh! what is the matter?" she cried. "You are as white as a ghost."

"Oh, nothing," he was finally able to say.

"Yes, there is something. Tell me at once; I am getting frightened."

"I will tell you in a moment," he replied, fiercely, as he rose and walked to the door. And as he looked back of the portieres he discovered the cause of the strange movements he had observed. He said nothing but calmly returned and took his chair at her side.

"What did you see?" she inquired with troubled curiosity.

"Nothing much," he replied. "Just a man. A mere man. A very ordinary man. A man who is not good enough to be my father-in-law; but he has listened, undoubtedly in rapturous glee, to our entire conversation tonight."

"It is not true," she cried, her face turning crimson with anger.

"But it is true," he said in a tone that was almost as cold as ice.

"And so good-bye, Miss Cameron. We shall not meet again."

With these words he left the house, and as he closed the door behind him, he closed his heart forever to every woman in the world except the one woman, the image of which he had so frequently seen and admired in his lofty dreams.

Upon reaching his own room, he fell at once into a mental state that was closely akin to complete despair; but, remembering the principles he had some months ago adopted as the rules of his life, he soon succeeded in putting away every thought of darkness and gloom. And having accomplished this, he calmly began to analyze the mysteriousness of the situation. Once more his plans had been frustrated and his best intentions brought to an unexpected and disagreeable ending; but it was not the first time. It was possibly the fifteenth time; possibly the twentieth time; he could not definitely recall which. The circumstances, however, in each case bore a striking similarity; though he could hardly say that he was sorry that it had always happened that way. For a moment there seemed to be sorrow, but that was always followed with extreme joy. But those moments of sorrow could hardly be designated as such. Wounded pride would be the better term.

When he thought of what had just occurred and the human smallness that has brought it about, he felt no disappointment. The man, who, by his ill-bred or rather despicable conduct, had brought this recent love affair to such a sudden termination, was, after all, his friend. "Yes," he said to himself almost aloud, "that man is my friend. By the smallest piece of work in which anyone could be engaged he saved me from a life of trouble." Then he remembered having read somewhere, "the words of those who are against us shall become a power in our hands, and those who seek to lead us into destruction shall lead us into pastures green instead." And for a long time he thought about this. It was certainly true, but why was it true? Why was it true in the life of some and not true in the life of others? Why was it true in his life? Finally he thought he saw

the answer, and his mind returned to the original problem before him.

What was the reason that all of his plans had been upset so abruptly; not once, but in nearly every instance? Why had he never found what he had so earnestly sought, and sought nearly every moment of his personal existence? These were his problems. They were the same problems that had constantly confronted his mind for many a year. But why should he ask such questions? he finally thought to himself. Had he not been given the answer already? Did he not understand the situation perfectly? Yes, it was true he did. The situation was simple. Though his ambitions were lofty and though he felt he had the ability to carry them through, he had all his life permitted himself to be the toy of every trifling desire and fancy that might pass his way. His time and his energy had constantly been wasted on things that he realized he did not want, and still he was constantly deploring the fact that he had not gotten what he did want. Then how could he expect his life to be different? How could he ever win the one woman of his dreams so long as he permitted himself to fall in love with every pretty girl he might meet, no matter how superficial or how utterly devoid of personal worth she might be? How could he realize the great goal of his lifework so long as he made every circumstance an obstacle instead of a stepping-stone toward that goal? So much was clear, but why had he acted in that unprofitable manner all his life?

Like a flash came the answer, and he saw what he had never seen before. All the important events of his life passed before him, and he discovered at a glance that every desirable event had been the result of his doing what he inwardly felt he should do, while every undesirable event had been the result of his doing what friends or circumstances had suggested.

Now he had the secret at last, and for the first time in his life he felt that his future was completely in his own hands. Then he remembered again having read somewhere, "do what your heart-felt judgment prompts you to do, and permit neither circumstances nor men to interfere with your decision."

For a long time he contemplated the possibilities of such a course of action. Then suddenly the full significance of it all took complete possession of his mind, and as it did so, he rose and became as one endowed with superhuman power. "Come whatever may," he declared to his own soul, "no power upon earth can tempt me to turn from the one path I have chosen for my life. Henceforth I shall live, think and work for the two supreme ambitions of my life; and for those two alone, regardless of gain or loss, regardless of suffering or joy. This shall be my one course every moment of my existence, and nothing in creation can make me change."

With these words he felt that at last he was absolutely free. All the fetters had been broken, all the bonds removed. The weakling in his nature had completely disappeared and the strong man had come forth instead. He had felt the mighty power of his real nature many times before, but now he realized that he possessed that power, and

the experience was such as no tongue or pen can ever describe. One moment in such a realization seemed equal to a thousand ages of pleasure, and as he continued to enjoy the glory of it all, something within him seemed to say that the turning of the tide was at hand. He seemed to be living in pure light, and it seemed that through that light he could clearly discern that the long-expected change was about to transpire. These tidings from the soul brought perfect tranquility to his mind, and as he retired, sweet, refreshing sleep came speedily.

The next morning there was a decided reaction in his mind and everything seemed dark again. What to do that day he hardly knew. He had occupied several temporary positions during the past month, but had nothing at present. He did not feel in condition, however, to search for anything in such a state of mind, so therefore made no plans for the day. But he felt a strange desire during the latter part of the forenoon to go down into the city, and as this desire became very strong, he started off at once, determined henceforth to follow his own deepest inclinations, no matter where such inclinations might lead. Upon reaching one of the principal streets in the busy shopping district, he turned down one of the side streets, where the throng was not so great. He did this because he wanted to, though he did not know until later why he wanted to get away from the throng at that particular time, as he always enjoyed himself the best when he was in the midst of a dense crowd.

After having walked on for less than a block, he passed the entrance to one of the principal banks, and as he did so he saw Lillian Strong coming down the broad stairway. At her side was a middle-aged gentleman, whom anyone would recognize at first sight as a leading figure in the commercial world. Seeing Mr. Reardon, she motioned for him to wait.

"Mr. Reardon is the most ambitious man in the world," was almost the first remark Miss Strong made as she introduced the two gentlemen.

"Then this is a most happy meeting," the financier replied. "I have been looking for such a young man for a number of years. You might be curious to know the reason why, thought it is too long a story to be told here on the street. Besides, it is a secret and can be told to a chosen few only."

"I should be delighted to hear it," Mr. Reardon answered him as he tried to suppress a mingled sensation of enthusiasm and tender emotions now welling up within him.

"You are the first man to be told. Come and see me tomorrow. Be ready to tell me what you wish to do and we shall find a way to have it done. I am a good judge of men. Your appearance indicates that you possess great ambition, and your voice indicates that you have the power to carry your ambitions through. Come tomorrow at one."

With these words the great money king excused himself and went on. But as Mr. Reardon, his eyes becoming moist with tears he could not suppress, turned to escort Miss Strong to her carriage a few paces away, there was another surprise in store.

"Why, here comes Mr. Warren," he declared, with a tone of great surprise. "I know you would like to meet him," he said, turning to Miss Strong.

"Indeed, I should," she replied with emphasis, as she turned to shake hands with this other young man of wonderful dreams; and the meeting proved to be an agreeable surprise to both. When their eyes met, Mr. Reardon thought he saw unmistakable signs of the fact that it was the meeting of two souls, who, for the first time, had found each other.

"I have heard that you are planning to inaugurate a great movement, Mr. Warren," she said.

"Yes," he replied with a deep determined tone, "a new movement for the promotion of human welfare all over the world."

"I have dreamed of something similar," she replied with enthusiasm, "and I should be happy, indeed, to find that you are the man to carry it out."

"I am the man to carry it out. No power in the universe can stand in my way, and I know I shall secure everything necessary to perfect my plans. This is my faith, and in that faith I am going to work."

She looked at him as she had never looked at a man before, and as she did so a great light came into her mind. In the past she had hoped and questioned. Now she knew. The two young men quickly discerned the change in her countenance. The one observed the change with great admiration, the other with a love that seemed almost uncontrollable. But both had the same thought at the time. Both inquired inwardly, "Was there ever a woman more beautiful?"

"Mr. Warren," she resumed calmly and tenderly, "will you kindly reveal your plans to me? I never was so deeply attracted to anything in my life before. The very thought of it stirs my soul to its very greatest depths and makes me feel as if something extraordinary was going to happen."

"I feel exactly as you do," he said, "when I think of it, and I want to tell you everything. You, I know, will understand."

"And it is a matter that is too important to be delayed an hour," she replied, with deep earnestness; "kindly enter my carriage and we will drive to my home at once. There are times when formalities are obstacles to human good, and this is one of those times."

The couple departed, and Mr. Reardon, as he went on his own way, hoped that he would meet no one during the remainder of that day, for his thoughts were far beyond the world of human speech.

XV

There was nothing on the door but simply "Hadley & Co." That was all; but those few words spoke volumes to Melville Reardon.

What would he learn when he went inside? What would the great financier say after hearing his story? What proposition would that man make? Would he offer anything, or would he simply look upon it all as a beautiful dream? These were the uppermost questions in Mr. Reardon's mind, and they did not move slowly nor leisurely

among the clamoring elements of his other thoughts. What would the answer be? Had the turning of the tide come at last? Soon he would know. It was one o'clock, and it was now his privilege to walk in. But as he extended his hand to turn the knob in the door, another question arose in his mind.

He had never before told his secret ambitions—his other ambition—to anyone; and he had always promised that "the one woman" should be the first to learn that life-long secret of his soul. What should he do? He must speak of this other ambition today, and even give explicit details, or the interview would be of no avail. For a moment he hesitated to go in; but presently he felt a deep joyousness in his soul, and that feeling had always indicated that everything was all right. It was a sign that had never failed him in the past; and as there was no reason why it should fail him now, he decided to obey. He would walk in without delay, and if he was called upon to fully explain his other ambition he would do so.

Opening the door he found himself in a most luxurious waiting room, and face to face with a woman. As he entered she arose, and the eyes of the two met—and exchanged that beautiful but mysterious something that has always been too eloquent for speech.

For several minutes those two pairs of eyes looked into the depths of two souls—and knew. No words were spoken, and all surroundings, for the time being, seemed void of existence.

The first thought that arose in Mr. Reardon's mind was "the one woman." It was **she**. He did not question; he did not wonder; he **knew**. And the realization of this brought him back to the consciousness of where he was. This made words necessary, but his usual timidity coupled with the strange embarrassment of the situation were not conducive to the immediate flow of ready speech; and it was with great effort, much hesitation—and many blushes—that he finally succeeded in saying anything.

"I was to come here at one," he began.

"Yes, I know," she replied before he could finish his remark. "You have an engagement with my uncle."

"Yes," he said; "though I did not know that he was your uncle," he added, hardly knowing what to say.

"Yes, he is, but he won't be able to see you for an hour. Can you wait?"

"I can wait any length of time. In fact, I cannot possibly leave until I see him."

"Then be seated, will you not, and I shall try to help you make the time seem less than what it really is."

"Nothing could give"—but he did not finish his sentence. What he wanted to say could not be said as yet; and he realized that fact in time.

"I mean I shall be most happy to be entertained in such a manner," he resumed, correcting himself; "but may I first have the pleasure to know to whom I am speaking? My name is Melville Reardon."

"And my name is Marguerite Romaine," she replied, extending her hand.

He took her hand in his, and again their eyes met in that same mysterious manner. For many minutes they stood as if entranced, their souls too full of the greatest joy in the world to think of else but that one joy.

"My uncle told me that you were the most ambitious man in the world," she began, after what seemed to be an eternity of bliss had completed its circle.

"That is what my friends tell me; and I can hardly understand how anyone could possibly be more ambitious."

"And did you know that that was the reason why you were invited to come here today?"

"No, I did not. I knew that that fact gave occasion to the invitation, but I did not know that it was the only reason."

"That, however, is the truth, Mr. Reardon."

"And will you kindly explain?"

"Yes, but let us be seated first. I will explain, providing you will tell me what you are so ambitious to gain or become."

"Yes, that I will do gladly," he replied, knowing that now, for the first time in his life he could speak freely. He was speaking to *her*, and he could tell everything.

"I have two leading ambitions," he continued; "and these have been with me almost as long as I can remember. They are so tremendously strong that they seem to dominate my very life; and everything that I ever attempted to do that was contrary to their supreme desires has been spoiled in the doing. Whenever I have begun to act contrary to these ambitions, something has always come in the way."

"And what were they, please?" she asked, her whole life on tiptoe with expectation.

"Early in life I saw, with my mind's eye, the picture of a woman that I knew at the time to be 'the woman;' and one of my ambitions has been to meet that woman—and win her love."

"And have you met her?" she asked, as every atom in her being trembled with her intense desire for the answer.

But he did not reply at once. Instead, he unconsciously turned towards her, moved by some power he could not control—possibly the same power that had made his ambitions so persistent and so strong.

Again their eyes met. Again they were speechless. Again they were entranced in the ecstasy of bliss. And she knew the answer.

"Yes, I have met her," he continued; "the great day is here. I have met her—now."

For a time they were both silent. She, with drooping eyes, in deep thought; and he, with eyes filled with the soul of adoration, worshipping as he alone can worship who knows he has found his own.

"And what was your other ambition?" she asked presently, but with a desire that seemed less intense, as her greatest desire had been realized.

"I have promised myself from the beginning," he replied quietly and seriously, "that I should first tell her."

"Then, can you tell me?" she exclaimed, her soul aflame once more, yearning to be assured again that she was "the one woman."

"Yes, I can, and to know that I can gives me more joy than a million heavens could possibly contain. But I must begin at once so that I can fulfill my promise to myself—to tell her first."

She listened intently as he explained everything, as he outlined in detail the many intricate principles and ideas of his wonderful plan; and as he finished his fascinating story to her—she sprang to her feet and exclaimed: "Your friends say that you are the most ambitious man in the world, but they have not spoken a millionth part of the truth. You are the greatest man in the world. Only the greatest man could conceive of such an idea, perfect such a plan, nourish such an ambition. Yes," she repeated, her face beaming with a loveliness that no man had ever looked upon before, "you are the greatest man in the world, and I am—she."

"Come," she continued; "listen. Now I will tell you why you were invited here today. I have also had an ambition—not two, but one. It has always been my ambition to meet the most ambitious man in the world. And my promise has been to myself never to look into the eyes of any other man. Some years ago I told this secret to my uncle, and ever since he has been looking for the most ambitious man. But he never found him until yesterday, and that is why you were invited here today. And now that we understand each other, we will go into the other room so you may tell my uncle of your wonderful plan."

"Now tell me what you want to do, Mr. Reardon," the great financier began, as the three had been seated about a small round table. "I am looking for something extraordinary," he added; "so naturally I am all attention."

Having received such unbounded appreciation for his plans from Marguerite, Mr. Reardon had gained more confidence in his ambition that he ever had before—and that confidence was practically limitless—therefore he felt ready to proceed without hesitation, regardless of the fact that every idea presented would be scrutinized most closely by a man who could detect flaws with almost unerring precision.

He stated his case clearly and thoroughly, giving his reasons for everything, and explaining in detail how he expected his plan to work out in practical action. When he was through, there was nothing more to ask, and every doubt that might have arisen in the beginning as to the feasibility of his plan was dispelled completely.

"That is my ambition," he said as he had told his story for the second time that afternoon; "that is what I wish to do; that is what I must do; that is what I will do, and nothing in the world can stand in my way."

"Nothing will want to stand in your way," Mr. Hadley exclaimed, and the power of his enthusiasm was so strong that everything in the room seemed to tremble from the force of his voice.

"Mr. Reardon," he continued, "do you know what the world will say when they hear of this plan? I will tell you. Be prepared for it, and remember what I say. You will be looked upon as the greatest man in the world. You will be honored as none are honored today. You will be received everywhere in preference to the greatest kings and the most powerful monarchs. You will stand away above them all, but you will stand precisely where you deserve to stand."

For a moment they were all silent, and then Mr. Reardon remembered what Mrs. Whiting had said about "monarchs" when he met her the first time. And he silently whispered to himself: "How interesting it will be to understand the mystery of it all."

"Nothing but a wonderful mind, an extraordinary mind, a truly great mind," continued Mr. Hadley, "could possibly conceive of such an idea or work out such a plan."

"Thank you, Mr. Hadley; thank you a million times for your kind appreciation," Mr. Reardon replied, almost choking with emotion; "but do you know," he added with animation, "that when you are intensely ambitious to do a certain thing, the force of that ambition will build up your mind more and more until you become great enough to do it?"

"No, that is a new thought to me. But it looks sound."

"It is sound, Mr. Hadley. And if you will investigate you will find the evidence in its favor to be overwhelming."

"Yes, that looks all right. And if it is true, it is one of the greatest discoveries that was ever made. But tell me, Mr. Reardon, did you perfect your plan in the beginning, or did you perfect it gradually?"

"At first I had only some vague ideas, with no definite plan as to their application; but I became ambitious to perfect those ideas and apply them. Then I found that the more ambitious I became, the stronger became the force of my ambition; and as my ambition grew my ideas became clearer. Then my mind reached a point where it gained the power to conceive a plan for the application of these ideas; and from that time on, I knew definitely what I wanted to do. But the next step was to find a way to get my plan and my work before the world. I tried several years to find that way. The reason I failed was because the force of my ambition had not developed all the essentials to real success. Now, however, I am convinced that this has been done, and there is no reason for further delay."

"I see very clearly, Mr. Reardon, that you are an excellent example of what you have said concerning the force of ambition, and its power to make a man great enough to realize his ambition, and as I think of it, I can think of almost any number of similar examples. Though the reason, I suppose, that you have developed such a marvelous mind is because the force of your ambition was stronger than that of the others. You have been more ambitious than the rest."

"But any man can be more ambitious than I am."

"Possibly so. That is a matter, however, that each man is at liberty to prove. We need not discuss it further just now. The next

move for us is to get your plan before the world. And do you know, Mr. Reardon, that there are millions in it?"

"I always knew there was. Though the fact that it will add so richly to the welfare and the happiness of the world is of more importance to me."

"You could not think otherwise, my boy. It is in you to feel that way. And that is the principal reason why the world will love you so well. Those who do great things for gain will soon be forgotten, but those who do great things because they have human good at heart can never be forgotten so long as there is a single soul alive. But coming down to the practical side of the matter, any capitalist would give you several million dollars for a part interest in your plan. I will give you five million for a half interest and close the transaction today. Though if you wish to wait for a larger offer, do so. You are almost certain to get it."

"No, Mr. Hadley, I want you to be with me in this great work. There are many reasons; and one of them is"—but he said no more. His eyes were upon his beautiful Marguerite, and the great financier understood.

"What is the first thing you want to do?" Mr. Hadley inquired, as they were all preparing to go home.

"It will be necessary," Mr. Reardon replied, "for me to visit several of the largest cities of this country. This tour will require three or four months. When I return, I will have everything we need, and the work can begin."

"Do you intend to go alone?" Mr. Hadley inquired with a tone of suspicion in his voice.

"I would rather not," said Mr. Reardon as he turned again to Marguerite. And as he beheld those deep brown eyes, so full of tenderness and soul, he knew he would not go alone.

XVI

"Tell me all you know, Mrs. Whiting. What has happened since I've been gone?"

"Almost everything that you can think of, Mr. Reardon."

"And where is Cyril Janos?"

"Nobody knows. He has gone into seclusion in some Western city for the purpose of conducting several thousand psychological experiments. He made a remarkable discovery in chemistry about six months ago, and he recently sold it for a half a million dollars. With that money he is going to devote three or four years to experiments. His object is to demonstrate exactly the effect of every thought and emotion upon the human body. When he is through he says he will be able to tell precisely what thoughts to think to stay well, what thoughts to think to stay young and what thoughts to think to produce any desired condition in the body."

"Wonderful!"

"Oh, but I am interested in that," declared Marguerite.

"Yes," said Mr. Whiting, "we are all interested—intensely so, and when Cyril Janos comes back he will bring what he promised."

"Indeed, he will," exclaimed Mrs. Whiting. "He was here the evening before he went away, and he told us a great deal about the different experiments he intends to conduct. But it was a feast to listen to him. I have never heard anything so fascinating in my life."

"I wish I could have been present," said Mr. Reardon thoughtfully. "We shall never forget Cyril Janos. No, not in millions of years. What he has done for us can never be told."

"True," replied Mr. Whiting, "but wait till he returns. He is going to give the results of his experiments—everything—to the daily press. Then we shall all know what the power of mind over body really means."

"It will mean a new age, will it not?" said Marguerite, her soulful eyes giving expression to a thousand times more than her tongue could tell.

"And that reminds me of the greatest book of the year," resumed Mrs. Whiting, "or more truthfully, the greatest book of modern times, 'The Vision of the Soul.' Of course everybody has read it."

"Yes, Marguerite and I have not only read the book," exclaimed Mr. Reardon, with his usual enthusiasm, "but we have met the author."

"Oh, have you, indeed? Tell me about him, and I will tell you something—something that will be real news—the very best of news."

"Thank you, Mrs. Whiting, I certainly shall, if you mean to reciprocate so generously. But he is a splendid man; a wonderful man. I would call him perfect in body, mind and soul. Handsome and brilliant. And much more. He has found those finer things in life that we have talked about so many times; and he shows it in his personality, in his conduct, in every movement he makes, in everything he says or does."

"I am so glad," exclaimed Mrs. Whiting, every atom in her being alive with attention.

"There is only one fault that his friends find with him," said Marguerite.

"And what is that, please?"

"They say he lives too much in the clouds. They say, for that reason, he will never do things."

"And they call that a fault. They are not friends. They are simply acquaintances. But how old is he?"

"Twenty-four."

"Only twenty-four, and has already written that remarkable book—a book that is selling so fast that his publishers are months behind in their orders. And he will never do things. He has done more already than all of those acquaintances put together."

"You are right, Mrs. Whiting—Melville tells me you always are—those are my views in the matter exactly. But people as a rule don't think that anyone can make money who lives in the clouds."

"I know they do, but I would rather live in the clouds on ten dollars a week than be a mere animal man at a million a year."

"Splendidly stated, Mrs. Whiting, splendidly stated," exclaimed Marguerite. "Oh, but I am going to love you," she added as she sprang to Mrs. Whiting's side and embraced her vigorously.

"I agree," began Mr. Whiting in his calm but powerful tone. "But there is another side to the question. There are some people living in the clouds who never do things and who never gain things. Not all, however, are in that position. People who live in the clouds usually secure the best that there is upon earth, and especially when they keep close watch on everything taking place upon earth."

"That solves the matter," declared Mr. Reardon. "Have your home in the clouds, but have your workshop a little farther down."

"And now may we have that extra good news?" asked Marguerite.

"You may. Adeline is engaged. Her own has come. And who do you think he is? The very man we have been talking about. The man who wrote 'The Vision of the Soul.' Their wedding day is near at hand."

"Thank God!" exclaimed Mr. Reardon. "Oh, but I should like to shout for joy. Splendid news, Mrs. Whiting. Splendid news. What an ideal couple. They are exactly made for each other. And that they should meet. Wonderful! Wonderful! That's the name for it."

"Yes, I wrote to Adeline yesterday that Mr. Whiting and myself would have the rare pleasure to entertain a bride and groom tonight—Mr. Reardon and his adorable Marguerite. And now I must write her again and tell her what you have said. Oh, but it will make her happy."

"And she deserves all the happiness that comes to her," Mr. Reardon mused thoughtfully. "Though she will want for nothing in that respect. But then that is true of us all. Some great changes have taken place, have they not, Mr. Whiting, since first we met?"

"Yes, I frequently think of it, but I seldom say much about it, for words are wholly inadequate. All I can say is, we have found the way, and it works."

"True," said Mrs. Whiting quietly, "it has worked wonderfully in our circle of friends. Not one exception to the rule. They have all realized much, and they are all on the way to realize more."

"Tell us about Mildred," exclaimed Mr. Reardon. "Did she find the best man in the world?"

"She did. She is now Mrs. Chesterton, and you could not possibly find a happier woman."

"But it was wonderful how she changed after she became your friend, Mrs. Whiting. She looked like a wilted flower at first; and then within a few months she looked like a highly-bred rose in full bloom."

"Yes, it was wonderful; though any girl who would be just as apt a pupil as Mildred could do the same."

"I believe that, Mrs. Whiting, if you were the teacher."

"Thank you, Mr. Reardon. But anyone can teach as well as I do if their desire to live what they know is just as strong as their desire to impart what they know."

"How beautiful and how true," declared Marguerite. "But tell us more about Mildred."

"I will do better than that. I will have you meet her very soon. Then after you have met her I will ask her to show you one of her last year's pictures. You would never believe it was the same girl."

"And what was it principally that produced the transformation?"

"It was the new philosophy of life in general, and the sweetly expressive smile in particular. Mildred is always singing in her soul, 'How soon a smile of God can change the world;' and she has entered so beautifully into that smile that she actually looks like that smile. All her friends call her the smile of God, and that is exactly what she is."

"Then she must have more friends than she can number."

"That is literally the truth. And what is so beautiful, all her friends are fast becoming as sweet as she. They are becoming so imbued with the sunshine of her soul that they actually reflect the same wonderful smile. You will love her, Marguerite. Oh, but she is a jewel."

"Excuse me for changing the subject," interrupted Mr. Reardon, "but do you know what Mr. Warren has accomplished?"

"To begin with, he married Lillian Strong, which was a small feat by no means. Lillian would not have an ordinary man. She wanted someone who could make history, and she realized her wish. Mr. Warren has already inaugurated his great movement, and as he is fully competent to carry it through, his work will soon be felt in nearly every home in the civilized world."

"I am convinced," Mr. Whiting added, "that he will accomplish more in ten years than all reform movements and all philanthropic endeavors combined could accomplish in five centuries. And my reason for such a far-reaching statement is that Mr. Warren will aim to remove the cause of social ills. His movement will not waste centuries of time and barrels of gold trying to appease the effects while the causes still remain. And I also wish to say that his method for removing the cause of human ills is effective. It has been tried and it works."

"There is no doubt about that," replied Mr. Reardon. "And Mr. Warren can praise the day he had his first and only argument with Mrs. Whiting. Do you realize, Mrs. Whiting, what you are doing upon this planet? Have you ever tried to measure with your mind the amount of happiness you have already created? The thought of it must make you weep for joy every day of your life."

"No, I never think of it. If you would do the greatest good and have the greatest joy, do what you can at all times and in all places. Then forget what you have done by giving your whole attention to the doing of something still better."

"Oh, but your sentiments are so beautiful, Mrs. Whiting, and

your thoughts so lofty and strong. How I wish that I could think those same wonderful thoughts."

"But you can, Marguerite; and the very fact that you desire such thoughts proves that you have a mind that is ready to give them expression."

"I am so glad to hear you say that. To think great thoughts and beautiful thoughts has been one of my most cherished desires ever since I was a little girl."

"Then you will realize your desire. You know you are yet a very young girl. You are just beginning real life."

"Yes, I am only twenty, but I feel as if I have lived many times as long as that."

"That proves that you are a great soul, Marguerite. All great souls live many years in one."

"Thank you, Mrs. Whiting, I want to be true to my dreams. That is the only way, is it not?"

"Yes, it is. Be true to the dream, and the dream will come true."

"Beautiful, again. Wonderful!"

"And I am thinking this very minute of a man," said Mr. Whiting, "who would agree most decidedly with that splendid statement."

"You are thinking of Mr. Spaulding, are you not?" inquired Reardon.

"I am. His is another name that will go down in history. He had a dream, or what some would call an idea, that was too intangible to be practicable. But he was true to that dream, and the dream came true."

"Have you any idea, Mr. Whiting, what his invention is worth?"

"No, I have not. He has been offered fabulous sums for the patent, but he will not dispose of it. He wishes to retain control of its manufacture and sale so that the consumer may be benefited to the fullest extent. You know his invention will reduce the price of light, heat and power to one-tenth of what it is now, and Mr. Spaulding wants the price to be brought down to that one-tenth instead of to simply one-half, as might be the case if others gained control of his patent."

"Has he organized his company?"

"Yes, and the plant will be in operation within a few months."

"You may possibly be asked to assume management of the concern, Mr. Whiting."

"I have been asked, and I have accepted."

"With a decided increase in salary, of course."

"Two and a half times as much as I am receiving now."

"You deserve it, Mr. Whiting. And I am glad, far more than I can ever say. Yours was the first hand to lead me out of darkness, failure and despair. You pointed to me the way—the way that has made you what you are, the way that has made us all what we are, the way that can make every man what he wishes to be. And knowing this, there can be no end to my appreciation and my gratitude.

But I will not try to express my feelings in words. I will act, I will do, I will be. I will make of myself what you told me in the beginning was possible with all men. I will be true to the dream and all of that dream will come true. Much of it has already come true, and I know that the rest will also come true. I have realized my two ambitions. You told me that I would. You told me that all men could do the same. And you spoke the truth. In the beginning I believed. Now I know."



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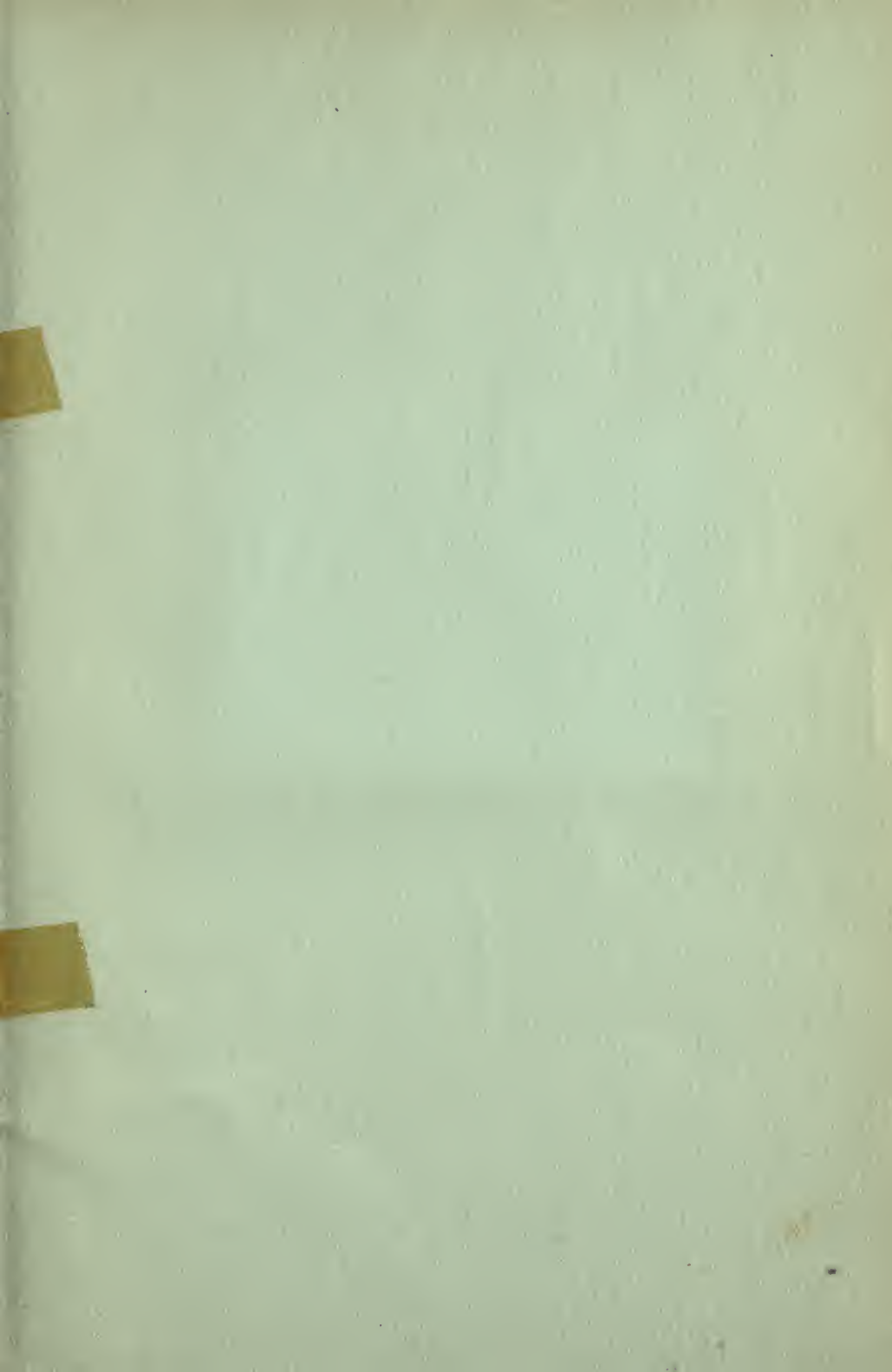
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